★ June 23, 1945

# THE NEW YORKER

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(As indicated below, many shows will give special War Bond performances next week. Tickets can be obtained by buying War Bonds at any major department store. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Anna Lucasta**—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**A Bell for Adano**—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March's restrained performance makes up for whatever defects there may be in the script. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special War Bond performance Tues. Aft., June 26, at 2:40. Closes for several weeks on Sat., June 30.)

**Dark of the Moon**—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Dear Ruth**—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. Virginia Gilmore, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith are in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40, Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Special War Bond performance Tues. Aft., June 26, at 2:40.)

**Foxhole in the Parlor**—Elsa Shelley's rather dreamy prescription for a permanent peace as voiced by a psychoneurotic soldier. With Russell Hardie, Flora Campbell, and Grace Coppin. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

**The Glass Menagerie**—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3505. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special War Bond performance Mon. Aft., June 25, at 2:40.)

**Harvey**—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special War Bond performance Mon. Aft., June 25, at 2:40.)

**The Hasty Heart**—A rather contrived play about how a beautiful nurse and some sympathetic comrades humanize a dying soldier. Anne Burr and Richard Basehart have the leading roles. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special War Bond performance Tues. Aft., June 26, at 2:40.)

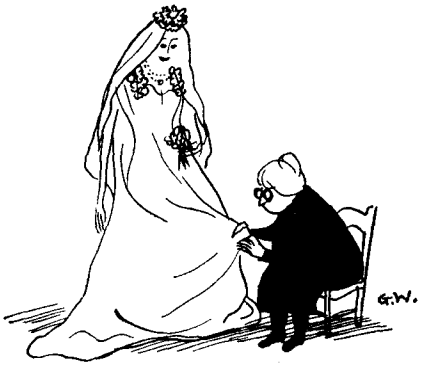
**I Remember Mama**—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Frances Heflin and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35. Special War Bond performance Tues. Aft., June 26, at 2:35.)

**Kiss and Tell**—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a competent cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:50. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:50.)

**Kiss Them for Me**—Richard Widmark and Richard Davis in an adaptation of "Shore Leave," that seems to lack a little something of the quality of the original. (Fulton, 40, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**The Late George Apley**—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special War Bond performance Thurs. Aft., June 28, at 2:40. Closes for several weeks on Sat., June 30.)

**Life with Father**—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40, PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)




## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 30.**

**The Overtons**—A familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Judith Evelyn, June Knight, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Moves on Sun., June 24, to the National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Ten Little Indians**—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**The Voice of the Turtle**—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35. Special War Bond performance Fri. Aft., June 29, at 2:35. Closes for several weeks on Sat., June 30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**Oh, Brother!**—Hugh Herbert and Arleen Whelan in a farce by Jacques Deval. Directed by Bretaigne Windust and produced by Maximilian Becker and Peter Warren. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

### WITH MUSIC

**Bloomer Girl**—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, which includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special War Bond performance Thurs. Aft., June 28, at 2:30.)

**Carousel**—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. Special War Bond performance Tues. Aft., June 26, at 2:30.)

**Concert Varieties**—Billy Rose's latest enterprise is long on dancing but a little short on everything else. The acts include the Katherine Dunham Dancers, Rosario and Antonio, Zero Mostel, and Imogene Coca. Deems Taylor is Master of Ceremonies. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 3. Closes Sat., June 30.)

**Follow the Girls**—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Hollywood Pinafore**—Sir Arthur Sullivan and plain George S. Kaufman have transplanted Buttercup and her friends to California with not very happy results. Victor Moore and William Gaxton head a cast that includes Shirley Booth, Mary Wickes, Annamary Dickey, and Gilbert Russell. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Laffing Room Only!**—Frank Libuse does his best to redeem this latest Olsen and Johnson frolic, but it is still pretty dull and tasteless stuff. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

**Memphis Bound**—Bill Robinson stirs his ancient stumps with amazing agility in this all-Negro musical that is very fine in a burlesque of "Pinafore" but a little mixed up the rest of the way. With Avon Long, Sheila Guys, Billy Daniels, and the Delta Rhythm Boys. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

**Oklahoma!**—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**On the Town**—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Song of Norway**—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a good job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Up in Central Park**—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special War Bond performance Fri. Aft., June 29, at 2:30.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

**The Wind Is Ninety**—A play by Ralph Nelson, with a cast including Blanche Yurka, Bert Lytell, and Frances Reid. Directed by Albert de Courville and produced by Mr. de Courville and the Shuberts. Opens Thurs., June 21. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

### MISCELLANY

**Ice Show**—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

**Children's Entertainment**—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group presenting three short plays, "Wallflower" "Theories and Thumbs," and "Rehearsal," Fri., June 22, at 8:30 P.M.; and four short plays, "Five Ghosts," "Randolph," "When Toys Talk," and "Aladdin and His Wonderful

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lamp," Sat., June 23, at 10:30 A.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, underground retreat.

BILTMORE ROOF, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An old favorite, uninhabited for quite a while, is again in business, with Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), the dance team of Fred and Elaine Barry, and Henry Busse's orchestra.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo being practically a whole show in himself, plus Josh White, being practically ditto. Also, Beatrice Kraft, the dancer, and Phil Moore's rather too stylized band. On Mon., June 25, Jimmy Savo will give way to Paula Laurence and Georgia Gibbs, and Phil Moore's band will be replaced by Edmond Hall's.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Imogene Coca, who apparently can't help being funny, songs by Ann Hathaway (who used to be Ann Solloway), and accomplished piano playing by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson; Edmond Hall's orchestra for dancing. On Mon., June 25, Phil Moore's band will replace Edmond Hall's.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Here the dress-for-dinner contingent is making its last, desperate stand. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The sweet, familiar strains of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras in fairly elaborate surroundings.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very fancy, and sometimes almost too bustling. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the infallible mind-reader, is in the Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra dispenses its bouncy dance music. . . . Another Melba orchestra is in the Café Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is once more flouncing about the Persian Room, with Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's cheery bands alternating on the stand. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—A romantic long-ago-and-far-away setting for dinner and supper. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, handsome and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—At least it keeps the kiddies off the streets. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has Nat Brandwynne's stately orchestra and a show involving a magician and some acrobats. On Thurs., June 28, Borrah Minevitch's Harmonica Rascals will take over. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Eddie Mayehoff, a comic comic; Mildred Bailey, singing moodily; the Herman Chittison trio, playing expertly; and the Delta Rhythm Boys. . . . RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): songs by Monica Boyar, who is Latin American without being overpowering, Thelma Carpenter, and a quartet; expert music by Garland Wilson, José Melis, Julius Monk, and the Cedric Wallace trio. Closes for the summer on Sat., June 30. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy, singing songs no mother ever taught her, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant, with gay music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet in this darksome glade, broken only by the rambling piano solos of Roger Stearns; no dancing. . . . VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Jerry Cooper and a collection of beautiful but not very animated girls in their summer doldrums. Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a show full of those cozy old dagger dances and Russian torch songs but really starring the chef; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin cookery, Latin atmosphere, and Latin music. . . . COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): back in its noisy old groove, with Enric Madriguera's and Joel Herron's orchestras and a better-than-usual show, with Russell Swann and Mitzi Green. . . . ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large and cool, with Harry James' orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . LINCOLN, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. . . . MADISON, 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Oscar Day's orchestra. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): George Paxton's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 30.**

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MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At NICK'S, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): specialités de la maison by Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and other selected Old Masters. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Art Hodes' sterling trio, which has Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . DOWNBEAT, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins breaking out his classic saxophone, Al Casey breaking in a new trio, and occasionally Billie Holiday. On Wed., June 27, Sidney Catlett and his teammates will replace the Hawkins band; dancing. . . . ONYX, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Hot Lips Page heading up his new band, and Stuff Smith's trio. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. . . . THREE DEUCES, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

AL FRESCO—The CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124: just for the fine view of the Hudson and dance music by Ron Perry's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Pk. W. at 67: a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: lunch and tea in the garden. . . . CENTRAL PARK ZOO: the cafeteria there is crowded on weekends but nice in midweek for a late breakfast or an afternoon beer.

A few sidewalk cafés: BREVOORT, 5 Ave. at 8; FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, 5 Ave. at 9; LONGCHAMPS, 5 Ave. at 12.

## ART

AMERICAN—The Encyclopædia Britannica collection of contemporary art: International Bldg., Rockefeller Center. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through July 8.

AMERICAN ACADEMY, B'way at 155—Painting and sculpture by Edward Hopper, Paul Manship, and others. Tues. through Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 29.

AUSTRIAN—A hundred years of Austrian art, from Ferdinand Georg Waldmüller to Oskar Kokoschka; a benefit for the Save the Children Federation: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through July 7.

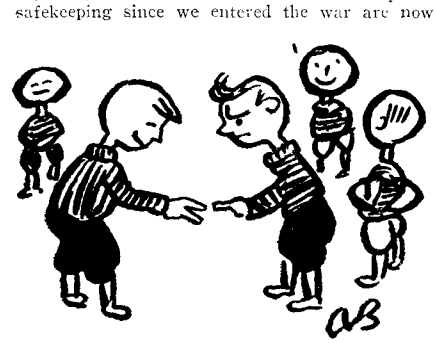
CHARLOTTE BEREND—California water colors: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 22.

MARC CHAGALL—Small drawings and water colors: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 23.

WALT DEHNER—Water-color landscapes: Kraushaar, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 22.

ARTHUR G. DOVE—The artist's work from 1922 to the present: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Wed., June 27.

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been hidden away for safekeeping since we entered the war are now back in the Museum. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.



GROUPS—At the DURLACHER, 11 E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31. . . . REHN, 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 29. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creeft, and others of this group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through July 31. . . . MACBETH, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by contemporary American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., June 29. . . . 67 GALLERY, 67 E. 57: fourteen painters, centered about Hans Arp, in whose general style the gallery sees signs of a new "ism." Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 30. . . . PERLS, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 8. . . . CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 10:30); through Sat., June 30. . . . NIERENDORF, 53 E. 57: work by contemporaries. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 30. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: new paintings by artists of the gallery's group; also a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57: work by Rattner, Hartley, Hélion, Avery, and Weber. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 13. . . . ART OF THIS CENTURY, 30 W. 57: painting and sculpture by Loren MacIver, Gypsy Rose Lee, I. Rice Pereira, and other women. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 7. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: paintings by around a hundred contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 6. . . . MIDTOWN, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 13. . . . NIVEAU, 63 E. 57: Dufy, Utrillo, Pascin, and other French painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 30. . . . KLEEMANN, 65 E. 57: Corbino, Eilshemius, Bosa, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sat., June 30. . . . JANE STREET, 35 Jane: abstractions. Mon. through Fri., 3 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Mon., June 25. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington, at 61: Edward Stevens, Nye Pharr, and other young Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through July 27. . . . LEVITT, 16 W. 57: Oronzo Gasparo, Everett Spruce, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31.

ARISTIDE MAILLOL—A memorial show: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 30.

DE HIRSH MARGULES—Water colors: Feigl, 601 Madison, at 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 23.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, newly arranged to show the development of Greek civilization; also, prints and drawings by Goya. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A large part of the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Nov. 4.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

ALFONSO OSSORIO—Water colors; also, mosaic sculpture by John Stephan: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 22.

FRED E. ROBERTSON—Semi-naïve paintings by Grandma Moses' brother: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through July 14.

## MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony—Alexander Smallens conducting, Thurs. through Wed., June 21-27, and Fri. and Sat., June 29-30; André Kostelanetz conducting, Thurs., June 28. Highlights: James Melton, tenor, June 21; General Platoff Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers, June 23; Josef Hofmann, piano, June 25; Lily Pons, soprano, June 28; Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, June 30. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30 P.M. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.) Fifth Avenue buses marked "Stadium" leave Washington Square at frequent intervals weekdays between 6:44 and 7:32 P.M. and Sundays between 6:31 and 7:31 P.M.

GOLDMAN BAND—Central Park Mall. Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., at 8:30. . . . Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., at 8:30.

JAZZ CONCERT—Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Slam Stew-

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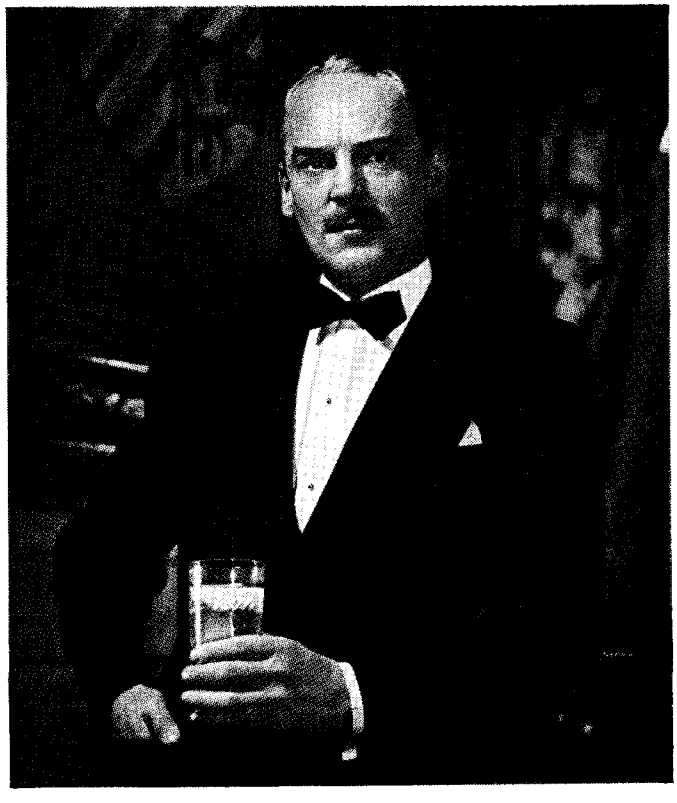

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

art, bass; Erroll Garner, piano; and others. Fri., June 22, at 8:15 P.M. (Town Hall. BR 9-9147.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—At **Yankee Stadium**: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat. June 22-23, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., June 24 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M. . . . **Polo Grounds**. Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Wed., June 27 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., Thurs., June 28, at 8:45 P.M., and Fri., June 29, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Chicago, Sat., June 30, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **Ebbets Field**: Dodgers vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., June 22-23, at 8:30 P.M., and Sun., June 24, at 2:05 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Wed., June 27, at 8:30 P.M., and Thurs. and Fri., June 28-29, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Sat., June 30, at 8:30 P.M.

**Boxing**—Madison Square Garden—Fritzie Zivic vs. Harold Green, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 22; Rocky Graziano vs. Freddie Cochrane, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 29. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

**Chess**—National Speed Championship, Sun. and Mon., June 24-25, at 1:30 P.M. (Hotel Astor.)

**Golf**—U.S. Seniors' G.A. Annual Championship, Tues. through Fri., June 26-29. Apawamis Club, Rye, N.Y.

**Racing**—Daily at Belmont, at 1:15 P.M., through Sat., June 23. (National Stallion and the Belmont, June 23.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Thurs. and Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:45 P.M. . . . Weekdays at Aqueduct, starting Mon., June 25, at 1:15 P.M., through July 14. (Queens County Handicap, June 25; Carter Handicap, June 30.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

**Soccer**—Brookhattan vs. Hispanos and Wanderers vs. N.Y. Americans; exhibition games for the benefit of the Red Cross, Thurs., June 28, at 7 P.M. (Yankee Stadium. For tickets, call BR 9-2104.)

**Tennis**—Bill Tilden, Alice Marble, Frank Shields, and others, in a series of exhibition games for the benefit of the Red Cross, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, Fri. through Sun., June 22-24, at 1 P.M. . . . Eastern Intercollegiate Championships, Mon. through Sun., June 25-July 1. Montclair A.C., Montclair, N.J.

**Track**—Randalls Island—Metropolitan Championships, Sat., June 23, at 2 P.M. . . . National Senior and Junior Championships, for the benefit of the Red Cross, Fri. and Sat., June 29-30, at 2 P.M.

**Trotting**—Weekdays at Saratoga, N.Y., starting Mon., June 25, at 8:15 P.M., through Aug. 25. . . . Weekdays at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

**Yachting**—Stratford Shoals Overnight Race, Riverside Y.C., Sat., June 23, at 9 P.M. . . . Championship regatta on the Sound: Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.C., Sun., June 24, at about 2 P.M.

## OTHER EVENTS

**Wartime Exhibitions**—At the **Chrysler Bldg.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent Army and Navy films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **Museum of Science and Industry**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **New York Historical Society**, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Tues. through Fri., 1 to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

**Housing**—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

**Museum of the City of New York**, 5 Ave. at 103—About a hundred prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built New York's first omnibuses, horsecars, early subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in drawings, photographs, uniforms, and documents: Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

**Note**—"The Fighting Lady," a 103-foot model of an aircraft carrier, is on view in the Sunken Plaza of Rockefeller Center. (Purchasers of War Bonds, at the Plaza, may go on board.)

## ON THE AIR

**State Department**—Archibald MacLeish and others in a discussion of our international policy; broadcast from San Francisco, Sat., June 23, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

**Mayor La Guardia**—In the second of a series of talks on New York City, Thurs., June 28, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ.

**Music**—Philharmonic-Symphony, George Szell conducting, Sun., June 24, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Stadium Concerts, Fri., June 22 and 29, and Wed., June 27, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Boston "Pops" orchestra, Arthur Fiedler conducting, Sat., June 23 and 30, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., June 23 and 30, at 5 P.M., WJZ.

**Sports**—Boxing: Fritzie Zivic vs. Harold Green, Fri., June 22; Rocky Graziano vs. Freddie Cochrane, Fri., June 29; at 10 P.M., WOR.

**News Commentators**—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues. at 10:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

## MOTION PICTURES

**The Corn Is Green**—Screen version of the Emlyn Williams success, with Bette Davis instead of Ethel Barrymore. If you can believe that Miss Davis' interest in her handsome young miner is quite platonic you can believe practically anything. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; through Mon., June 25.)

**Guest in the House**—A very sensible adaptation of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. through Mon., June 22-25. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Sun. and Mon., June 24-25.)

**Junior Miss**—Peggy Ann Garner in a very engaging screen version of the play by Sally Benson, Jerome Chodorov, and Joseph Fields. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

**Our Hearts Were Young and Gay**—Gail Russell and Diana Lynn as a couple of rich and slightly simple-minded girls touring Europe in the 1920's. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., June 23-26. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sun. through Wed., June 24-27. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Tues. through Thurs., June 26-28.)

**A Royal Scandal**—Tallulah Bankhead, as the Empress of all the Russias, in a comedy that has probably little to do with either Catherine or history, but is pretty funny anyway. (Art, 36 E. 8; starting Wed., June 27.)

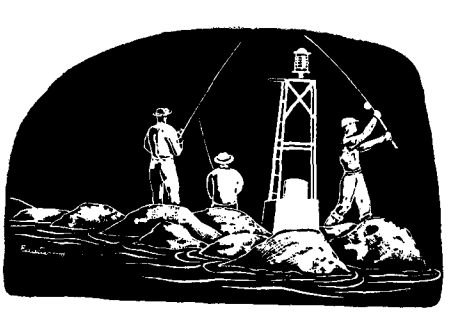
**The Three Caballeros**—Walt Disney's attempt to mate live actresses with Donald Duck and Joe Carioca may be in dubious taste and is certainly not up to his previous masterpieces. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., June 23.)

**The Way Ahead**—Excellent British import about how a group of young British civilians were conditioned for the army. With David Niven. (Victoria, B'way at 46; through Fri., June 22.)

**Without Love**—It's hard to believe that Philip Barry would recognize this Donald Ogden Stewart version as his Broadway play, but it's very lively and amusing just the same. With Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., June 23. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., June 25. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Wed., June 27.)

**The Woman in the Window**—Edward G. Robinson and Joan Bennett in a murder play that would have been much better if somebody hadn't decided to get cute at the end. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. and Wed., June 26-27.)

**Wonder Man**—Danny Kaye doubling up in a stylish ghost story with incidental music. Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, Allen Jenkins, and Otto Kruger are in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45.)



## REVIVALS

**Alice Adams** (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 21.)

**Arsenic and Old Lace** (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. With Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Thurs., June 26-28.)

**Arrowsmith** (1931)—Sinclair Lewis' story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., June 29.)

**The Big Store** (1941)—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., June 26-27.)

**Carnival in Flanders** (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., June 26.)

**Daybreak** (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., June 26.)

**The Garden of Allah** (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., June 26-27. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Tues. and Wed., June 26-27.)

**Grand Illusion** (1938)—German prisons in the first World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., June 26.)

**The Informer** (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., June 21.)

**Ladies in Retirement** (1941)—Three batty sisters and a lonely cottage on the heath. Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Mon. through Wed., June 25-27.)

**Roberta** (1935)—The old musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irene Dunne. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., June 21.)

**Sous les Toits de Paris** (1930)—Early René Clair film. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Wed., June 27.)

**Standing Room Only** (1944)—The housing shortage in Washington. Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., June 24-25.)

**They Shall Have Music** (1939)—Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., June 29.)

**The Thirty-Nine Steps** (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., June 26-27. . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Tues. and Wed., June 26-27.)

**Thunder Rock** (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., June 22. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. and Wed., June 26-27.)

**Note**—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**thurs., june 21**: "Ten Days That Shook the World" (1928), directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . **fri. through sun., june 22-24**: "Storm Over Asia" (1928), directed by Pudovkin. . . . **mon. through thurs., june 25-28**: "Fragment of an Empire" (1929), Russian film. . . . **from fri., june 29**: "The Last Command" (1928), directed by Josef von Sternberg; and "Plane Crazy" (1928), Walt Disney cartoon.

## CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

**Apartments for Service Men**—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing (preference given to service men), 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

**Volunteer Work**—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **Civilian Defense Volunteer Office**, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to work in canteens at least one shift a week, night or day; men and women to take a short training course and then work a minimum of two full days a week as group-leaders in summer playgrounds. . . . **Red Cross**, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour

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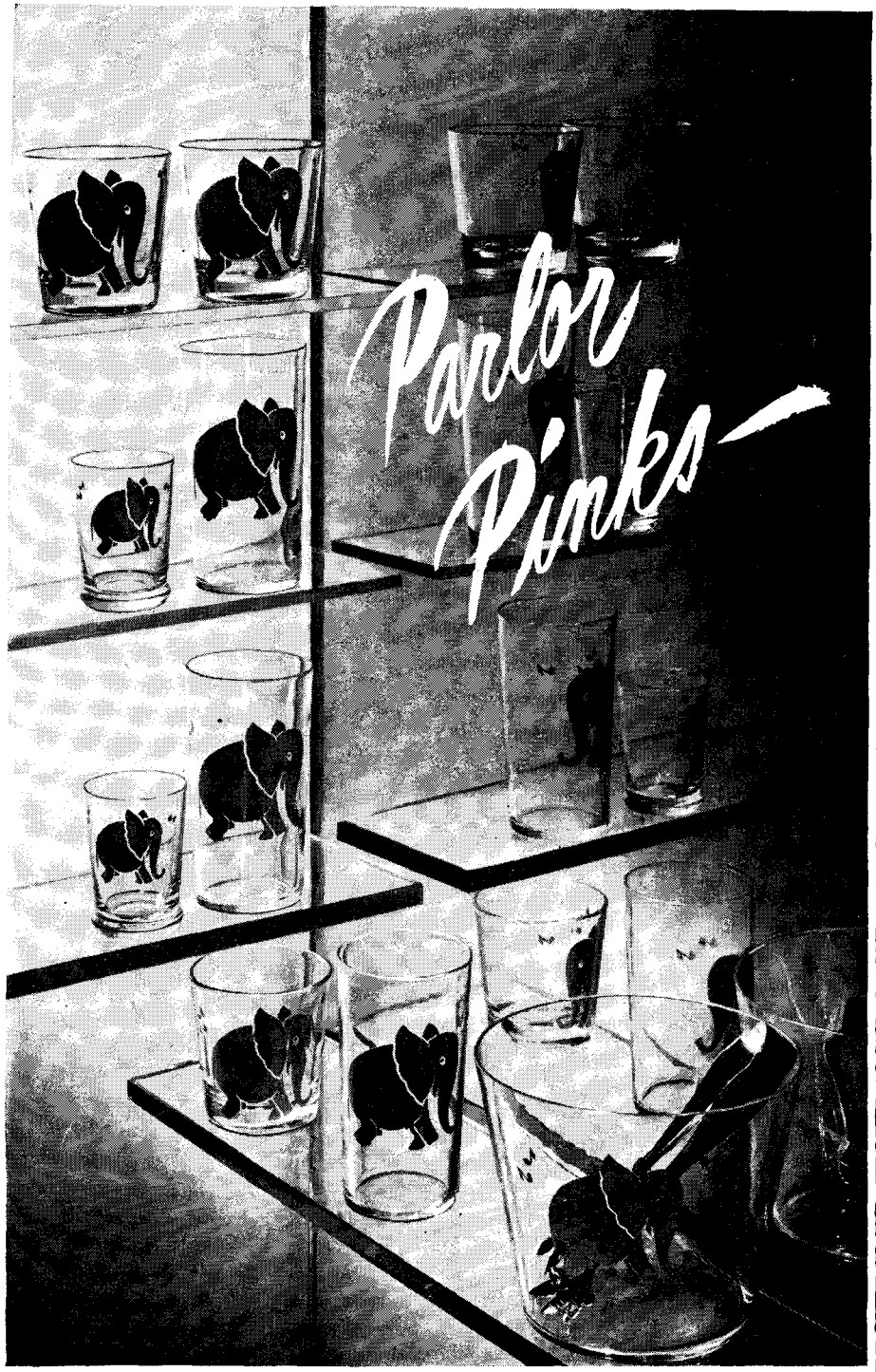


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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): men and women to work an hour or so a week for the wastepaper drive, acting as liaison agents between tenants and managers of apartment buildings and hotels; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, call RE 7-3700.) . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least eight hours a week day or evening, as aides in children's wards, or, during the day, as clinic aides; men to take a short training course and then work at least one evening a week as orderlies. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

NOTE—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

SEVENTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—The War Bond Campaign is on and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper (very important right now) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The United National Clothing Collection wants to accumulate a hundred and fifty million pounds of practical clothing, shoes, bedding, and linens for destitute families overseas. Through Sat., June 23, drivers of laundry trucks will pick up contributions on their regular routes, or, for the location of the nearest depot, call HA 2-0290. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church, New York 7 (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for games, playing cards, radios, records, floor lamps, and small tables. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220. . . . Bibles, in English and foreign languages, are needed for service men and for people in liberated countries. They can be taken or sent to any A.W.V.S. office; for the address of the nearest one, call RE 4-6050.

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THE NEW YORKER

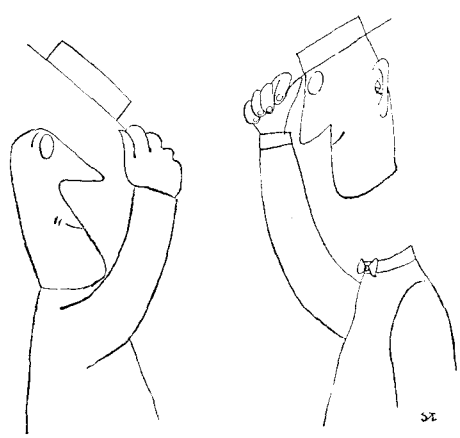
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

Tip for Benson & Hedges: Change the name of your Parliament cigarettes to Parliament of Man cigarettes. Remove the picture of the British Parliament building and substitute a picture of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, or of Wendell, Mr. Willkie, or of a small terrestrial globe. In place of the coat of arms, substitute a picture of the long queue that formed outside your Fifth Avenue store as a result of shortages caused by the war caused by there being no Parliament of Man. Retain mouthpiece and filter.

One of the crimes for which a man may do time in New York State is an offense called jostling. Jostling is what you can pin on a man if you can't catch him at pocket-picking. The law assumes, rightly, that anyone who habitually knocks into his fellow-man can be up to no good. Someday there will have to be worldwide recognition of the act of jostling, and the means to punish it under law. International jostling is a familiar sight. It is aggression in its incipient stage. When Hitler announced that his lamblike Sudeten Germans were being oppressed by Czech bullies, he was jostling. When Mussolini sent troops to Spain, he was jostling. The Nuremberg Laws, the secret police, the concentration camps, the impudent speeches were all forms of jostling, long before an act of war occurred. There is jostling today in the Argentine, apparently. And there is jostling in this country whenever an American Negro swings from a tree. In a sensibly run world community the jostling individual would find himself cooling his heels in the clink before he had a chance to get his fingers around anyone's wallet. At San Francisco, no machinery is being set up to punish jostlers; that is why, from San Francisco, the road ahead is still long and we must start up it right away.

We were glad to see that Doris Duke had been kissed by the commander of the Third Ukrainian Army, because it indicates that Russia and the United States understand each other better than many people suppose. Marshal Tolbukhin pinned a medal and a kiss on Doris to celebrate the great part played by America's "working girls" in the war. Thus Russia paid an extremely graceful and knowing tribute to working conditions here on this side of the ocean, where even an heiress, by patience and effort, can wangle her way down into the ranks of toilers and into the position of being kissed by a military man. The presence of Miss Duke at the banquet was, of course, something of an international accident (she just happened to bump into Georgie Patton when he was on his way to the party and he took her along), but she was exactly the right girl to show up there, typifying American grit. Such affairs are the stuff our economy is made on. The five-o'clock homing subway ride of Tillie the Toiler is again made endurable by the tabloid account of the kiss and by Tillie's realization that there, but for the grace of God, went she.



Russia's collectivist system and our own individualist system are incapable of being reconciled by a girl's kiss, but every once in a while Congress seems about to reconcile them by bestowing the kiss of death on private enterprise. We see by the papers that the Senate has decided that we ought to "guarantee" profits to farmers and has adopted the Wherry amendment to that effect. And lately there has been talk in the highest circles of the "right to work," or the "right to a job." Such ideas are essentially collectivist, and any country which assumes that it can guarantee its profits and make them, too, is probably living in dream.

Commissar Molotov included a "right to work" clause when he submitted proposals for the Dumbarton Oaks plan, thereby getting in a plug for state control. President Roosevelt, we recall, once used the phrase "right to work" in a speech, and it seemed to us at the time that the issue was becoming rapidly confused. In this country, the citizens have never enjoyed the *right* to work, and until recently it has not occurred to any considerable numbers of them that they wanted any such thing. Instead, they have settled for the right to look for work, the right to decent working conditions, the right to haggle about pay, the right to equality of opportunity, the right to a fair trial when they are arrested for the drunkenness that sometimes follows unemployment, the right to pan the government, and the special right of veterans to be taken back into jobs. We rather doubt that those fundamental American conceptions are reconcilable with the over-all "right to work." And we suspect that as soon as you attempt to endow the profit system with a guaran-

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tee of profits, you have probably removed the system itself.

Never having been in Russia, we don't know what it's like there. But our guess is that there are as many confusions in the Russian mind about the alluring attributes of capitalism that must crop up in a Communist state as there are confusions over here about the attractive guarantees and rights and controls of our private economy. Someday, Russia and the United States will participate in a common government of some sort, along with other nations, and then the people can begin to scramble their ideologies in the same skillet and to enjoy the best features of both systems. Luckily, people the world over want approximately the same thing: kisses, bread, and a chance to get in out of the rain. They even want peace, most of them.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Perhaps the high spot of the Infantry Day parade last week was the gracious action of a wounded lad in a jeep. He was tossing cigars to the civilians on the curb.

In the window of the Neveloff Twins Toy Shop, on Madison Avenue, among the toys displayed for the modern child is a nice fresh copy of "Forever Amber."

The Central Perfumery & Barber Supply Co. markets a preparation called Refined Crude Oil.

## *Down to Earth*

IT is the painful duty of a citizen named George F. Kindley, a District of Columbia man, to dash everybody's bright hopes of transparent postwar refrigerators with revolving shelves, kitchen sinks operated by foot pedals, glass-brick walls that will admit gobs of ultra-violet, death rays that will cook steaks in a few seconds, and all the other goodies that the advertisements have been promising us. Mr. Kindley is chairman of the Publicity, Sales Promotion, and Sales Training Committee of the National Electrical Wholesalers Association, which makes him sound like one of those miserable people *PM* is mad at. Actually, he is kindly in purpose as well as in name, and only wants the American people not to be disappointed at what the electrical-appliance dealers are going to have on their shelves once postwar production gets started. The first of the postwar stuff, it seems, will bear a striking resemblance to the last of the prewar stuff, and it is Mr. Kindley's chore to get this over to the public, which N.E.W.A. sorely fears has been badly oversold by the dream-world advertising boys.

It is Mr. Kindley's dismal belief—and that of all the electrical wholesalers—that if the public gets its collective heart set on buying nothing but the kind of stuff shown in the ads, there will be a pretty bad depression once the absolutely necessary replacements of worn-out appliances have been made. He wrote us (and all the other magazines, of course) several letters to this effect, and finally came to call on us, bearing a briefcase stuffed with denunciations of premature promises of gadgetry. He is a short, sad-faced man with mild blue eyes, in normal times himself a distributor of electrical appliances. "Reality is a hard thing to swallow," he told us morosely. "Just recently I visited a friend of mine in Ocean City, Maryland. I asked him, 'Irving, are you going to buy a washer now?' He said, 'No, I'm going to wait. I want one of those washing-ironing machines where the clothes go in dirty and come out one-two-three, washed, ironed, folded, and sorted, with the sheets in one pile and the pillowcases in another.' I said, 'Irving, that's dangerous thinking. If everybody thought that way, an awful lot of people would be out of work.' "

Mr. Kindley and his wife are, at least by prewar standards, pretty satisfactorily electrified, even if none of their equipment is transparent. They have an electric washer, mangle, food mixer, deep freezer, range, toaster, waffle iron, griddle, vacuum cleaner, and summertime water-heating system. Mr. Kindley points out that this stuff may not be glamorous, but it exists and works. "On a streetcar the other day," he said, "I noticed an advertisement for beer. It said, 'Cook Your Postwar Dinner with Electronics in Two and a Half Minutes!,' and it had a picture of their idea of an electronics oven. Underneath all this, which had nothing to do with beer in the first place, it said, 'Drink So-and-So's Beer.' That's all they care about—selling beer. They never worry about the serious effects of getting the public all steamed up about impossible appliances. You won't catch the manufacturers of appliances doing that kind of thing. It's the newspaper feature writers and the producers of basic materials."

Casting about for the makings of just a little news, we asked Mr. Kindley whether we might look forward to one or two small improvements soon. He said we'd all have home freezing-and-storing units for food before long. "Eventually the home freezer will be as necessary as the refrigerator," he told us. "They'll deliver frozen foods the way they now deliver milk. They'll deliver whole frozen meals, fruit cup and all. But right now the manufacturers are still sitting on the designs and nobody has shown his hand yet."

## *Qualified*

GIRLS just out of college still rush down to Washington to look for jobs. A girl we know was interviewed by a solemn, elderly official who asked innumerable questions and finally, with pursed lips, scribbled a word or two on a pad in front of him. At that point he was called into the next office and the girl couldn't resist peeking. On the pad was written, "Knows nothing. Has charm." She got the job.

## *Music Hall Alumni*

CHECKING up on the Music Hall usher staff, certainly the most military-minded of civilian organizations, we find that the sole concession made to wartime conditions has been the reduction of the recruiting age from eighteen to seventeen. The routine remains the same. The two shifts fall in for roll call at ten in the morning and four in the afternoon, respectively. After inspection by the chief of service, the usher captains in charge of each floor march their squads to their stations and turn them over to a pair of junior officers. The ushers still use the complicated Music Hall sign language, in which, for instance, the approach of a big shot is indicated by cocking an imaginary pistol, two fingers laid on the left forearm requests the attention of a superior officer, and the right hand on the hip means that two seats are available. "We've always been a kind of West Point of the theatre," a Music Hall staff officer reminded us when we went over there.

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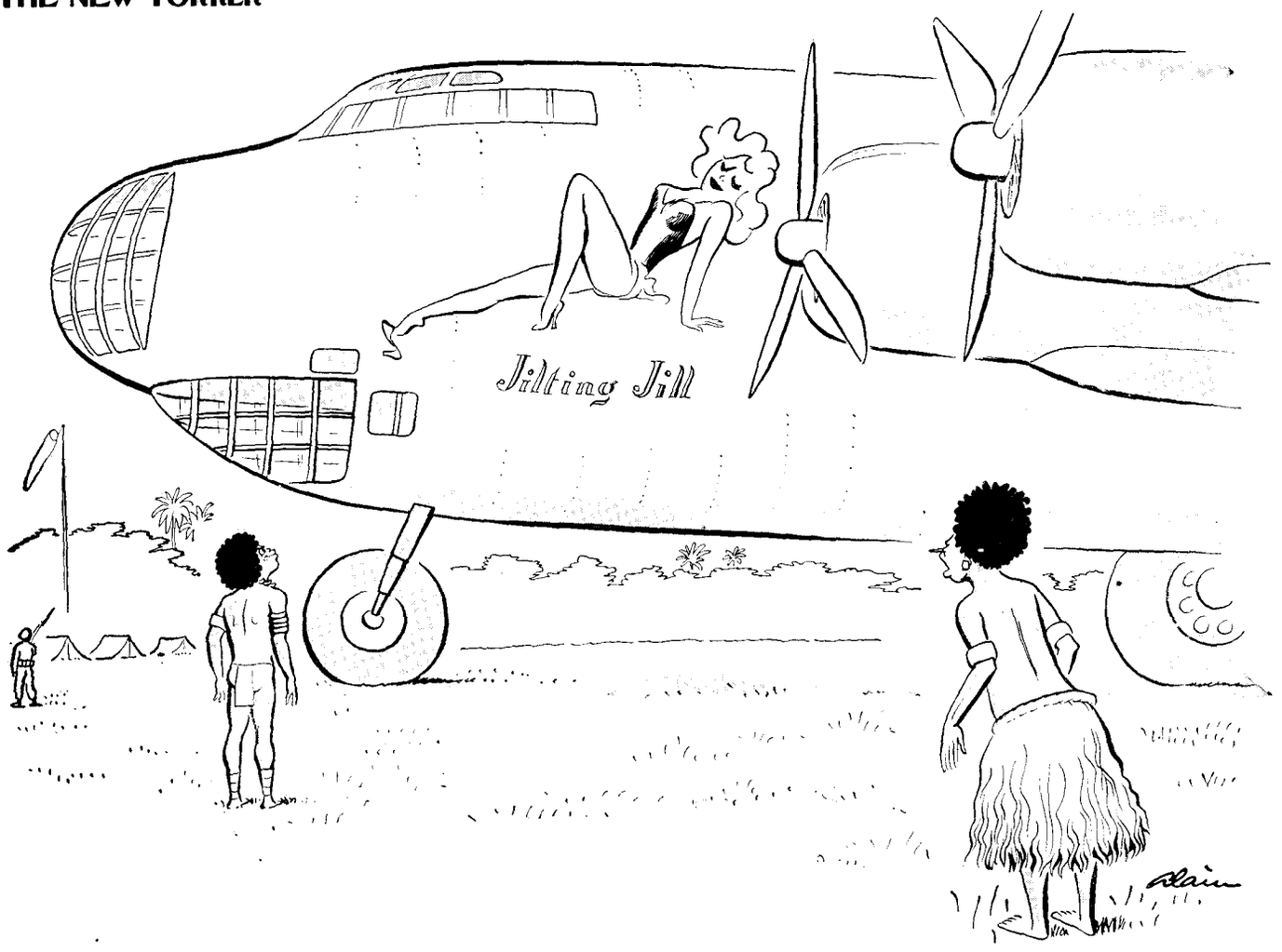


*"Rongo!"*

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The Music Hall thinks it has a hundred and twenty-nine ex-ushers in the armed forces, but it can't be sure, because not all of them write. They bob up in the news from time to time, however. Just recently there was a picture in one of the tabloids of an M.P. directing traffic at a crossroads near Saarbrücken—last anybody in the Music Hall had seen of him, he'd been shooing mezzanine customers away from the loges. As a matter of fact, a high percentage of Music Hall boys in the services have been made M.P.s or S.P.s. They have that sense of authority that comes from handling Saturday movie crowds. About fifty per cent of the Music Hall veterans are officers. "That's forty per cent more than in real life," our Music Hall man said.

One fellow who was working his way through school by ushering at night is now a lieutenant in the Navy, in charge of an emergency casualty station which lands with amphibious forces and sets up on the beachhead. Two other Music Hall men found themselves members of the same Flying Fortress crew in Italy, one a gunner and the other a bombardier. Two have been killed in action, and two have lately been released from German prison camps. Another is a Flying Tiger in China and still another is a West Point cadet. The Music Hall's big hero, and its highest-ranking ex-usher as well, is Captain Frank Kutack, company commander in the Fourth Armored Division, of Patton's Army, who was wounded four times and has a D.S.C. and the Purple Heart with three clusters. There's also Neville Cunningham, a paratrooper, who has the Purple Heart, a Presidential Unit Citation, and the Combat Infantryman Badge.

## *Prophecy*

TEMPERS flare up on the East Side these mornings during the nine-o'clock scramble for cabs. One of the more prominent Park Avenue doormen hailed by name the driver of an ancient Parmelee parked a short distance up the street, and then watched with pure malevolence as the cabman rolled by, making for the next doorway. The doorman turned to the tenant in whose behalf he had been acting and said, "Just wait! I'll live to see the day when that guy will come to me snivelling. Snivelling!" He then darkly put his whistle in his mouth and started to blow.

## *Egyptian Pebbles*

READERS familiar with our unflinching determination to keep abreast of developments in the more obscure arts will not be surprised to learn that we have been up at the Museum of Natural History for a look at what is called "The Internationally Famous Collection of Dr. Claude H. Barlow's Pictorial Jasper Stones," which is now on view there. We had better

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*"Would you mind explaining to him that I really must get off at Binghamton?"*

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begin our report on Dr. Barlow and his art with a few words about his medium. Jasper is a semiprecious stone and had quite a vogue in Biblical times (Revelation, XXI, 11), but interest in it petered out long, long ago. Dr. Barlow is the first man who has done much in the field since the eleventh century, when an Egyptian Jew named Shapiro caused a stir in lapidary circles by using jasper to decorate jewel boxes. Jasper is an opaque variety of quartz. The finest stones are dull objects about the size of hen's eggs and known as Egyptian Pebbles. They are indigenous to the Libyan desert, where they are found lying around on the sand. When you crack a Pebble open, the exposed surfaces have strikingly colored irregular striations, and these become brilliant if the stone is ground and polished. Dr. Barlow is the man who discovered that the striations in some Pebbles—about one in ten thousand—form patterns that resemble desert landscapes. The collection on exhibition, seventy-five framed stone landscapes, represents twelve years of cracking, sawing, grinding, and polishing.

Dr. Barlow's interest in his art is keen but avocational. By profession, he is a parasitologist. Most of his life—he is now in his late sixties—has been spent abroad. For thirty-five years he was a medical missionary in China, where he dabbled in water color. He went to Egypt in 1930 and he is now director of the Bilharzia Destruction Section in the Egyptian Ministry of Public Health at Cairo. Over there, among the Pebbles, he found himself as an artist. He was too busy to come home for his show, so we didn't get to see him, but we did happen to run into his daughter, Mrs. John Floherty, Jr., who told us about the collection. She is an experienced jasper connoisseur herself, having been with her father when he made his first pictorial discovery and during his subsequent formative years as an artist. "Daddy had never even heard of jasper," she told us, "until one day he saw a native boy with a split Pebble. The minute he looked at the stone, he said, 'Why, it's a little picture.' The next day he started looking for more picture stones and he's never stopped." Dr. Barlow developed the necessary technical skills as he went along, Mrs. Floherty said, and now has a high rating among geologists and lapidaries. He also has a powerful voice. His daughter recalled that he once dispersed a riot of Egyptian students with it. They started rioting in front of his house when he was out on the balcony splitting a Pebble and made him so nervous that he dropped it into the street. He let out such a bellow that the riot broke up instantly.

Mrs. Floherty said that some of her father's pictures bear an uncanny resemblance to desert scenes. She pointed out one stone to us that was, she said, an exact picture of a place she knows well. We asked her if her father had ever turned out anything but landscapes. "Oh, yes," she said. "But not many. I've got a jasper portrait of a rabbit at home, and a blue lunatic dancing under the moon, and a profile of Mussolini. Mussolini even has his right arm raised in that salute." Dr. Barlow has never sold any of his work, but he intends to try to as soon as the show closes. Mrs. Floherty will act as his agent. "I'm going to ask twenty-five hundred dollars for each picture," she informed us calmly. "That may sound rather high, but after all, Daddy is the only artist of his kind in the whole history of the world."

## *Puzzle*

THE father of a lieutenant stationed in Paris happened to mention in a letter the shortage of camera film in this country. By way of providing his family with a pleasant surprise, the lieutenant shopped around and picked up half a dozen rolls of film, which he mailed home in a bundle of unneeded Army clothing. A few weeks later he

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got a vexed note from his father. "Dear Son," the note said. "The package arrived safe. Your mother and I took the films right down to the drugstore to get them developed. They all turned out blank. We can't imagine what you did wrong."

## *Q-200*

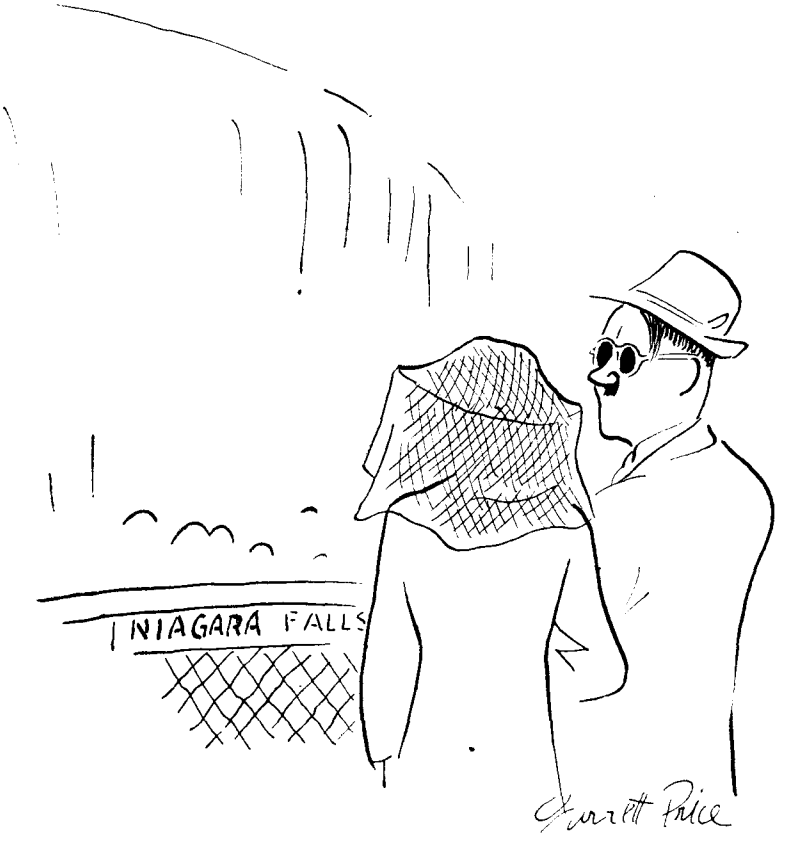
AFTER the last war our troops, upon arriving here, had a number of triumphal marches up Fifth Avenue, and so many official and unofficial "Welcome Home" committees sprang up that a new and unpleasant warfare broke out among them. This time the situation is different. For one thing, most of the men are coming back not to be discharged but to spend a brief furlough before heading for the Pacific. For another, the New York Port of Embarkation, the Army agency handling the arrival of the troops here, polled some of the men in Europe on whether they wanted any ceremonies and the men said no—as few parades as possible (a parade is a hard day's work for a soldier), no speeches, no fuss, just a quick trip home. The N.Y.P.O.E. has, however, worked out something of a welcome, and one that wastes no time. Its chief feature is the Q-200, a yacht the Army has chartered from Mrs. C. R. Walgreen, widow of the drugstore man, for a dollar a year, which escorts returning transports up the harbor. Early one morning last week, the Q-200 went out from Brooklyn to greet the General William P. Richardson, a transport with a couple of thousand men aboard, and the Army let us go along and watch.

We found aboard the Q-200 a twenty-eight-piece W.A.C. band, fifteen Red Cross girls, and fifteen girl clerks from the N.Y.P.O.E. offices. We were told by one of the Q-200's officers that the Red Cross girls had been given the trip as a reward for their good work and that the clerical girls, who were acting rather eager, had drawn lots to see who would be taken along. As the Q-200 moved out into the harbor, the stenographers stood at the rails and practiced waving brightly colored scarves which, in a pre-voyage briefing, they had been asked to carry to create a gay effect. As they waited to catch sight of the Richardson, the girls all talked at once: "Maybe I should have kept my hair in curlers until we met the ship." "I don't think we'll get close enough for them to notice I didn't put on mascara, do you?" "I'm looking for someone special. He's a liberated prisoner of war. I just *hope* he's on this ship."

After nearly an hour, the Richardson came into sight. The Q-200 approached to within fifty yards of the transport, which loomed over us like a dark, sheer cliff, the W.A.C. band went into "The Beer Barrel Polka," the clerks—the Red Cross girls were more reserved—started waving and shouting, and an officer lent us his binoculars so that we could observe in detail the abrupt migration to our side of the transport of what must have been the full complement of soldiers aboard. We had evidently surprised them. At first they apparently thought that we were a small pleasure craft they had happened to run across in the harbor. When they saw that we were deliberately coming alongside, that the W.A.C. band was playing for them, and that the clerks were yelling and singing to them, they yelled and sang in return. The Richardson, which was flying a lot of pennants, tooted her whistle and the Q-200 replied with a fainter, sharper, more frivolous toot. One of the girls kept calling, through cupped hands, "How are you?" Another one said to her friends, "I'm going to concentrate on one of them, I'm going to pick out one of them for me."

The band finished the "Polka" and "The Sidewalks of New York," both of which were greeted with roars of applause, then played jazz. Five girls went forward and started jitterbugging—two pairs dancing, the extra girl standing at one side and clapping in time to the music. When one of the dancing girls tired and dropped out, the extra girl took her place, and they went on spelling one another. Wolf calls floated down from the gun platforms, on one of which stood a soldier stripped to the waist, his face covered with lather. A Red Cross girl said, "Isn't it wonderful? We're the first girls they've waved at in ages and ages." A clerk said tartly, "That's what *you* think," and waved her scarf. The men looked as if they found it hard to believe their welcome. A few of them were crying. The rest merely stamped and yelled or just stared.

As the Q-200 swung away from the transport and headed back to its pier, the girls in the band began matter-of-factly to put away their instruments. The N.Y.P.O.E. girls began to adjust their disarrayed hair but kept on shouting. What they were shouting was the N.Y.P.O.E. telephone number, Windsor 9-5400. Just before the Q-200 got out of hearing, some of them added in chorus, as an extra precaution, "Extension Twenty-one! Extension Twenty-one!"




## *Backward*

TWO middle-aged women were poised indecisively at the Forty-fourth Street entrance of Brooks Brothers when a young operative of ours happened by. "You don't want to go in that old place, Florence," he heard one of them say. "Why, they don't even carry Arrow shirts!"

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# HORIZON

IN the office things were quieting down. Over in the sports department the nightly bridge game already had been in session a good half hour. The men on the copy desk were either reading the nine-o'clock edition or just staring straight ahead, vacantly, fatigued. A few reporters were at their desks, writing letters or memos or maybe even belles-lettres, but not pieces for the paper. You could tell that. McGuire could tell it. After all these years there was little about the newspaper business he did not know, and one thing he knew was the look of a newspaper office at any given stage of getting out the paper. He leaned back, tilting his chair on its hind legs, gnawing at his empty pipe. Rather than appear to the guys on the copy desk the way they appeared to him, McGuire got up and wandered over to a window and studied the state capitol, this side of which he knew so well.

For eighteen years this side of the state capitol had been his horizon. Well, that was not precisely true. He had only been sitting at a desk facing the city room, and beyond it, this side of the capitol ten years—about ten years. There had been the times he had sat in on the night desk, when his horizon was the mail boxes and newspaper files. You could take those times out of the eighteen years. You could also take out the four months when he had undergone a miserable self-imposed exile as managing editor of the *Beacon*. The *Beacon* being on Front Street, he hadn't even seen the capitol dome. At the *Beacon* his horizon had been Holzheimer's Storage Warehouse—Long Distance Moving. But anyway, to all intents and purposes he was now looking at what had been his horizon for either ten or eighteen years. Either way it was no good, and eighteen was only a little worse than ten. You didn't get used to hanging if you hung long enough. With some bitterness McGuire reflected that hoodlums could have painted dirty words on the other side of the state capitol, or a strange art commission could have painted it with pink and blue diagonal stripes, and he wouldn't have known about it. Oh, he'd have *heard* about it, and most likely in the case of a story as important as that he would have done the rewrite job on it. But in the ordinary course of his life, he would not have seen the words or the stripes. He didn't even see the other side of the capitol on his way to or from work, or going for a drink at Paddy's or the Elks'. When he bought shirts or pajamas or underwear, he bought them at Gross's, nowhere near the other side of the capitol. When he heard the call of the wild and went to Miss Elizabeth's, he went in the opposite direction from the capitol. All during the time he had been having the affair with Jess, he had had no occasion to study the other side of the capitol, since Jess's apartment, which she shared with another girl, was just up Hill Street from the office, a block and a half or two. It made him angry to have to face the fact that there probably were out-of-town lawyers and high-pressure guys who by actual count had seen the other side of the capitol many more times than he had, although he could have hit this side of the capitol with a silver dollar with a great deal more ease than Washington had pitched one across the Rappahannock and although he looked at the limestone pile (this side of it) five-sevenths of all the nights of his life.

Now, not suddenly but easily, he knew why he was quitting the paper this night.

Always there had been the *big* reason, but he didn't believe there was any one thing that had started him off in the direction of his decision. There had been, to be sure, his forty-third birthday in January last. But before that there had been the steadily increasing number of friends' names on the obit page. Not necessarily friends, but contemporaries in the sense that, in doing newspaper work, he had disregarded whatever difference there might have been between his age and the scoundrels' ages. People—persons—he *knew* well were dying and dying. Then there had been the gradual awareness that he was recording life (and, of course, death) but that he was passing it by. He was sitting it out as a night rewrite man on a not particularly outstanding newspaper. That undoubtedly was the big reason he had begun to think about quitting.

HE looked over at Jess's desk. She was not there. Then he saw her coming out of a phone booth and going to Green's desk. She had some copy paper in her hand. She spoke to Green. Green nodded a few times and wrote something on a pad. He looked up at her and smiled, and McGuire could tell he was waving his hand, the sign he was giving his official "good night." She went to her desk, took a towel and her purse out of the top drawer, and threaded her way among the desks to the ladies' room.

. . . Jess, for instance. Jess had been a reason, or perhaps a sub-reason, belonging under Passing Life By. He had been selfish with her, and after a while she had simply told him off. That was all there was to it. "It's time both of us were getting married," she had said. "Maybe not you to me or me to you, but from here on get another girl, or try Miss Elizabeth's." There was no special reason he shouldn't have married Jess. He had no wife anywhere, and the money angle didn't figure, because Jess could not have children and would have gone on working, and he still had the eight thousand dollars his mother had left him. It surprised him that Jess had felt so strongly about it then, strongly enough so that there was still no cordiality on her part. She called him Mac, but she would have no drinks with him, nor go to see Katharine Cornell with him, nor borrow cigarettes from him. He had had to get used to it, and for a long while he thought he had. Then there was the birthday, as well as Jess, with her coldness, and the realization that he was passing life by.

But then again, it was none of these things unless it was all of them. He wasn't quitting the paper because of Jess, or because he wrote about the life of the city and the state without participating in it, or because Senator Sam Fox had died yesterday of a heart attack in the Senate lunchroom in the state capitol. It was no more any one of these reasons than it was his newly discovered antagonism toward the capitol wall. Nor yet an unintelligent curiosity about the capitol's other wall. Still, the capitol's other wall was closer to being the reason. And then—this time suddenly and terrifyingly—he knew he was not going to quit, not tonight, not ever. He knew when he was well off. He knew when he had a good thing. He would stay with the paper and the paper would take care of him.

He turned his back on the state capitol and wandered back to his desk. Jess had returned to her desk and was putting on her hat and coat. On her way out she slowed down to wave at Green. He nodded and mumbled.

"Good night," said McGuire, as she went by his desk.

"Good night," said Jess. "Oh—good night," she said again, to something.

—JOHN O'HARA

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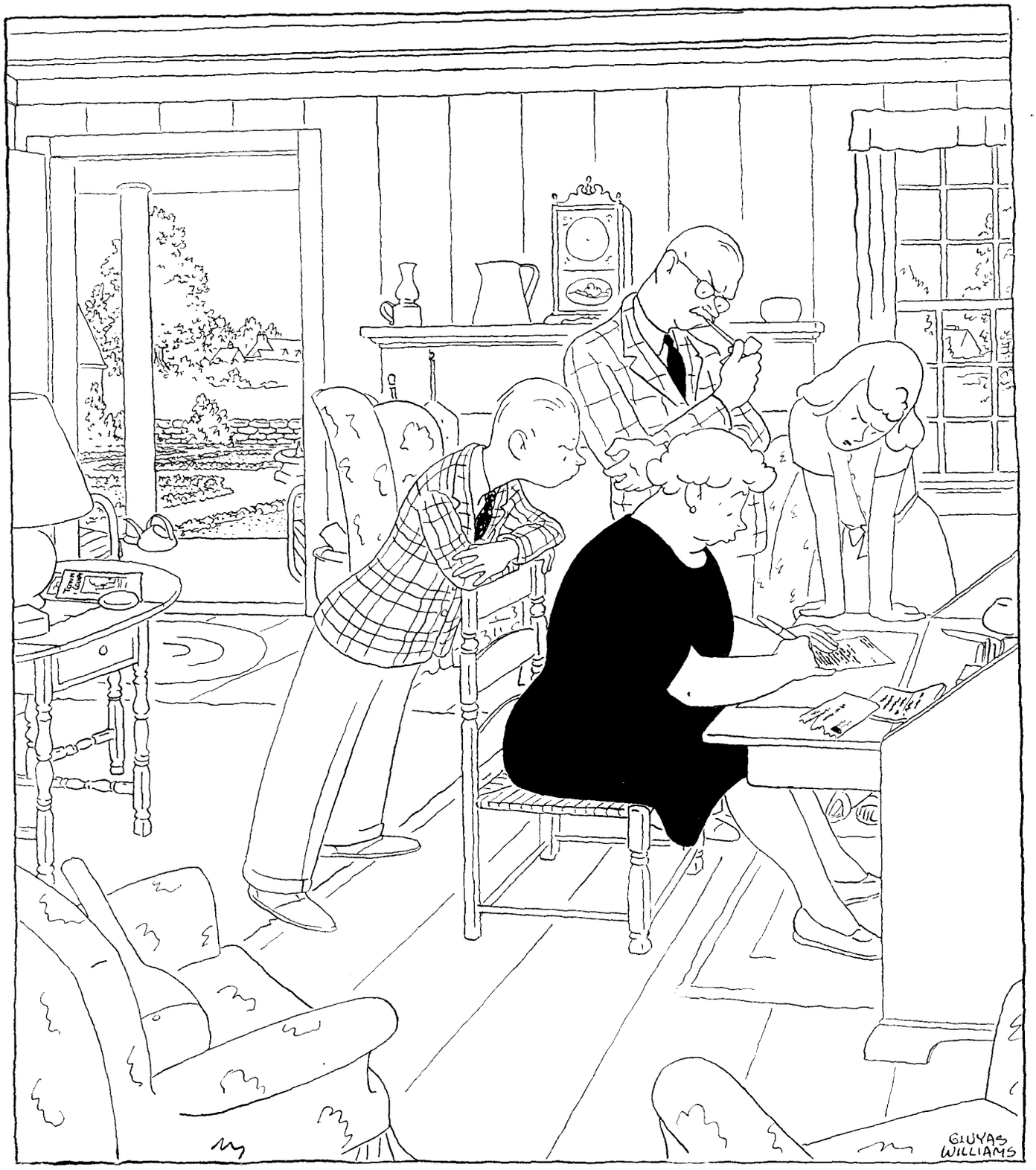


## THE WRITING PUBLIC

*"Dear Cousin Emily:—It was so nice to get your letter, and we are all thrilled that you and the children will be passing through our 'neck of the woods' next week on your way to Maine. When you mentioned that you are spending two or three days shopping in New York our first thought was how wonderful it would be to have you stay in the country with us, so that we could have a real visit together, but it would happen (darn!) that we are having the house redecorated at exactly that time and everything will be in a terrible mess. But please call Fred at his office the minute you get in and I'll come to town at once and we will take you all to dinner. . . ."*

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# DOUBLE TALK

I HAPPEN to have a disreputable namesake, complete from nickname to surname, a man whom I have never seen in the flesh but whose vulgar personality I have been able to deduce from his chance intrusions into the castle of my life. The tangle began in Prague, where I happened to be living in the middle twenties. A letter came to me there from a small library apparently attached to some sort of White Army organization which, like myself, had moved out of Russia. In exasperated tones, it demanded that I return at once a copy of the "Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion." This book, which in the old days had been wistfully appreciated by the Czar, was a fake memorandum the secret police had paid a semi-literate crook to compile; its sole object was the promotion of pogroms. The librarian, who signed himself "Sinepuzov" (a surname, meaning "blue belly," which affects a Russian imagination in much the same way as Winterbottom does an English one), insisted that I had been keeping what he chose to call "this popular and valuable work" for more than a year. He referred to previous requests addressed to me in Belgrade, Berlin, and Brussels, through which towns my namesake apparently had been drifting.

I visualized the fellow as a young, very White émigré, of the automatically reactionary type, whose education had been interrupted by the revolution and who was successfully making up for lost time along traditional lines. He obviously was a great traveller; so was I—our only point in common. A Russian woman in Strasbourg asked me whether the man who had married her niece in Liége was my brother. One spring day, in Nice, a poker-faced girl with long earrings called at my hotel, asked to see me, took one look at me, apologized, and went away. In Paris, I received a telegram which jerkily ran, "NE VIENS PAS ALPHONSE DE RETOUR SOUPÇONNE SOIS PRUDENT JE T'ADORE ANGOISSEE," and I admit deriving a certain grim satisfaction from the vision of my frivolous double inevitably bursting in, flowers in hand, upon Alphonse and his wife. A few years later, when I was lecturing in Zurich, I was suddenly arrested on a charge of smashing *three* mirrors in a restaurant—a kind of triptych featuring my namesake drunk (the first mirror), very drunk (the second), and roaring drunk (the third). Finally, in 1938, a French consul rudely refused to stamp my tattered sea-green Nansen passport because, he said, I had entered the country once before without a permit. In the fat dossier which was eventually produced, I caught a glimpse of my namesake's face. He had a clipped mustache and a crew haircut, the bastard.

WHEN, soon after that, I came over to the United States and settled down in Boston, I felt sure I had shaken off my absurd shadow. Then—last month, to be precise—there came a telephone call.

In a hard and glittering voice, a woman said she was Mrs. Sybil Hall, a close friend of Mrs. Sharp, who had written to her suggesting that she contact me. I did know a Mrs. Sharp and didn't stop to think that both my Mrs. Sharp and myself might not be the right ones. Golden-voiced Mrs. Hall said that she was having a little meeting at her apartment Friday night and would I come, because she was sure from what she had heard about me that I would be very, very much interested in the discussion. Although meetings of any kind are loathsome to me, I was prompted to accept the invitation by the thought that if I did not I might in some way disappoint Mrs. Sharp, a nice, maroon-trousered, short-haired old lady whom I had met on Cape Cod, where she shared a cottage with a younger woman; both ladies are mediocre Leftist artists of independent means, and completely amiable.

Owing to a misadventure, which had nothing to do with the subject of the present account, I arrived much later than I intended at Mrs. Hall's apartment house. An ancient elevator attendant, oddly resembling Richard Wagner, gloomily took me up, and Mrs. Hall's unsmiling maid, her long arms hanging down her sides, waited while I removed my overcoat and rubbers in the hall. Here the chief decorative note was a certain type of ornamental vase manufactured in China, and possibly of great antiquity—in this case a tall, sickly-colored brute of a thing—which always makes me abominably unhappy.

As I crossed a self-conscious, small room that fairly brimmed with symbols of what advertisement writers call "gracious living" and was being ushered—theoretically, for the maid had dropped away—into a large, mellow, bourgeois salon, it gradually dawned upon me that this was exactly the sort of place where one would expect to be introduced to some old fool who had had caviar in the Kremlin or to some wooden Soviet Russian, and that my acquaintance Mrs. Sharp, who had for some reason always resented my contempt for the Party line and for the Communist and his Master's Voice, had decided, poor soul, that such an experience might have a beneficial influence upon my sacrilegious mind.

From a group of a dozen people, my hostess emerged in the form of a long-limbed, flat-chested woman with lipstick on her prominent front teeth. She introduced me rapidly to the guest of honor and her other guests, and the discussion, which had been interrupted by my entrance, was at once resumed. The guest of honor was answering questions. He was a fragile-looking man with sleek, dark hair and a glistening brow, and he was so brightly illumined by the long-stalked lamp at his shoulder that one could distinguish the specks of dandruff on the collar of his dinner jacket and admire the whiteness of his clasped hands, one of which I had found to be incredibly limp and moist. He was the type of fellow whose weak chin, hollow cheeks, and unhappy Adam's apple reveal, a couple of hours after shaving, when the humble talcum powder has worn off, a complex system of pink blotches overlaid with a stipple of bluish gray. He wore a crested ring, and for some odd reason I recalled a swarthy Russian girl in New York who was so troubled by the possibility of being mistaken for her notion of a Jewess that she used to wear a cross upon her throat, although she had as little religion as brains. The speaker's English was admirably fluent, but the hard "djair" in his pronunciation of "Germany" and the persistently recurring epithet "wonderful," the first syllable of which sounded like "wan," proclaimed his Teutonic origin. He was, or had been, or was to become, a professor of German, or music, or both, somewhere in the Middle West, I felt sure, but I did not catch his name and so shall call him Dr. Shoe.

"*Naturally* he was mad!" exclaimed Dr. Shoe in answer

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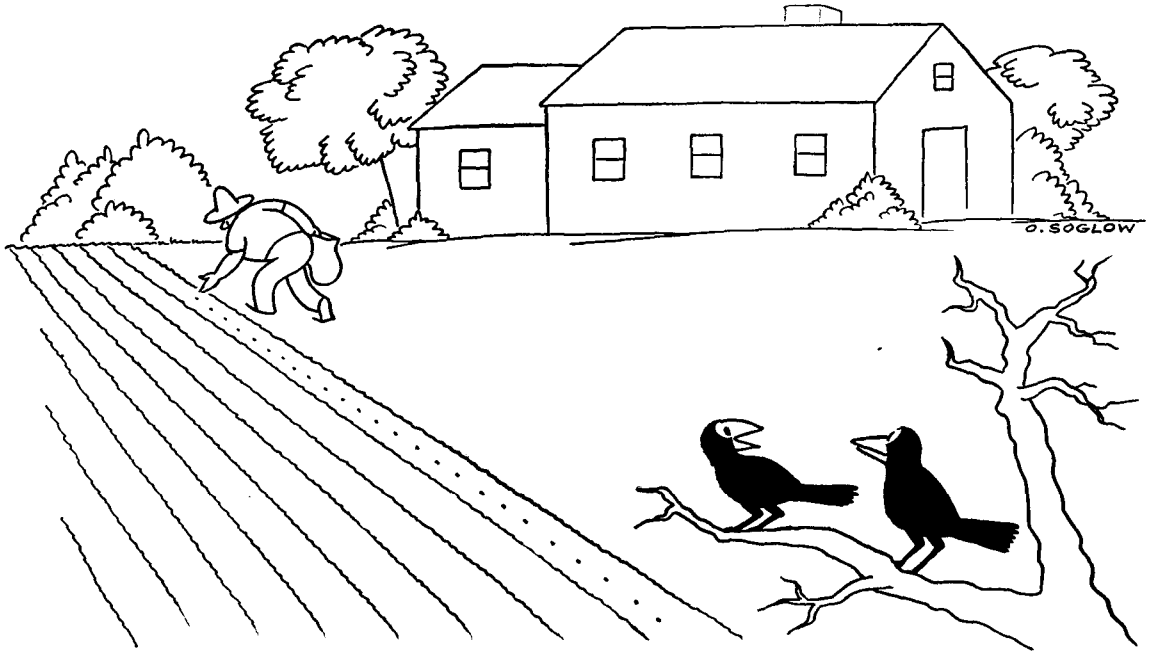
to something one of the ladies had asked. "Look, only a madman could have messed up the war the way he did. And I certainly hope, as you do, that before long, if he should turn out to be alive, he will be safely interned in a sanatorium somewhere in a neutral country. He has earned it. It was madness to attack Russia instead of invading England. It was madness to think that the war with Japan would prevent Roosevelt from participating energetically in European affairs. The worst madman is the one who fails to consider the possibility of somebody else's being mad, too."




*"Now?"*

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"One cannot help feeling," said a fat little lady called, I think, Mrs. Mulberry, "that thousands of our boys who have been killed in the Pacific would still be alive if all those planes and tanks we gave England and Russia had been used to destroy Japan."

"Exactly," said Dr. Shoe. "And that was Adolf Hitler's mistake. Being mad, he failed to take into account the scheming of irresponsible politicians. Being mad, he believed that other governments would act in accordance with the principles of mercy and common sense."

"I always think of Prometheus," said Mrs. Hall, "Prometheus, who stole fire and was blinded by the angry gods."

An old lady in a bright-blue dress, who sat knitting in a corner, asked Dr. Shoe to explain why the Germans had not risen against Hitler.

Dr. Shoe lowered his eyelids for a moment. "The answer is a terrible one," he said with an effort. "As you know, I am German myself, of pure Bavarian stock, though a loyal citizen of this country. And nevertheless, I am going to say something very terrible about my former countrymen. Germans"—the soft-lashed eyes were half closed again—"Germans are dreamers."

By this time, of course, I had fully realized that Mrs. Hall's Mrs. Sharp was as totally distinct from my Mrs. Sharp as I was from my namesake. The nightmare into which I had been propelled would probably have struck him as a cozy evening with kindred souls, and Dr. Shoe might have seemed to him a most intelligent and brilliant *causeur*. Timidity, and perhaps morbid curiosity, kept me from leaving the room. Moreover, when I get excited, I stammer so badly that any attempt on my part to tell Dr. Shoe what I thought of him would have sounded like the explosions of a motorcycle which refuses to start on a frosty night in an intolerable suburban lane. I looked around, trying to convince myself that these were real people and not a Punch-and-Judy show.

NONE of the women were pretty; all had reached or overreached forty-five. All, one could be certain, belonged to book clubs, bridge clubs, babble clubs, and to the great, cold sorority of inevitable death. All looked cheerfully sterile. Possibly some of them had had children, but how they had produced them was now a forgotten mystery; many had found substitutes for creative power in various aesthetic pursuits, such as, for instance, the beautifying of committee rooms. As I glanced at the one sitting next to me, an intense-looking lady with a freckled neck, I knew that, while patchily listening to Dr. Shoe, she was, in all probability, worrying about a bit of decoration having to do with some social event or wartime entertainment the exact nature of which I could not determine. But I did know how badly she needed that additional touch. "Something in the middle of the table," she was thinking. "I need something that would make people gasp—perhaps a great big huge bowl of artificial fruit. Not the wax kind, of course. Something nicely marbleized."

It is most regrettable that I did not fix the ladies' names in my mind when I was introduced to them. Two willowy, interchangeable maiden ladies on hard chairs had names beginning with "W," and, of the others, one was certainly called Miss Bissing. This I had heard distinctly, but could not later connect with any particular face or face-like object. There was only one other man besides Dr. Shoe and myself. He turned out to be a compatriot of mine, a Colonel Malikov or Melnikov; in Mrs. Hall's rendering it had sounded more like Milwaukee. While some soft, pale drinks were being passed around, he leaned toward me with a leathery, creaking sound, as if he wore a harness under his shabby blue suit, and informed me in a hoarse Russian whisper that he had had the honor of knowing my esteemed uncle, whom I at once visualized as a ruddy but unpalatable apple on my namesake's family tree. Dr. Shoe, however, was becoming eloquent again, and the Colonel straightened up, revealing a broken yellow tusk in his retreating smile and promising me by means of discreet gestures that we would have a good talk later on.

"The tragedy of Germany," said Dr. Shoe as he carefully folded the paper napkin with which he had wiped his thin lips, "is also the tragedy of cultured America. I have spoken at numerous women's clubs and other educational centers, and everywhere I have

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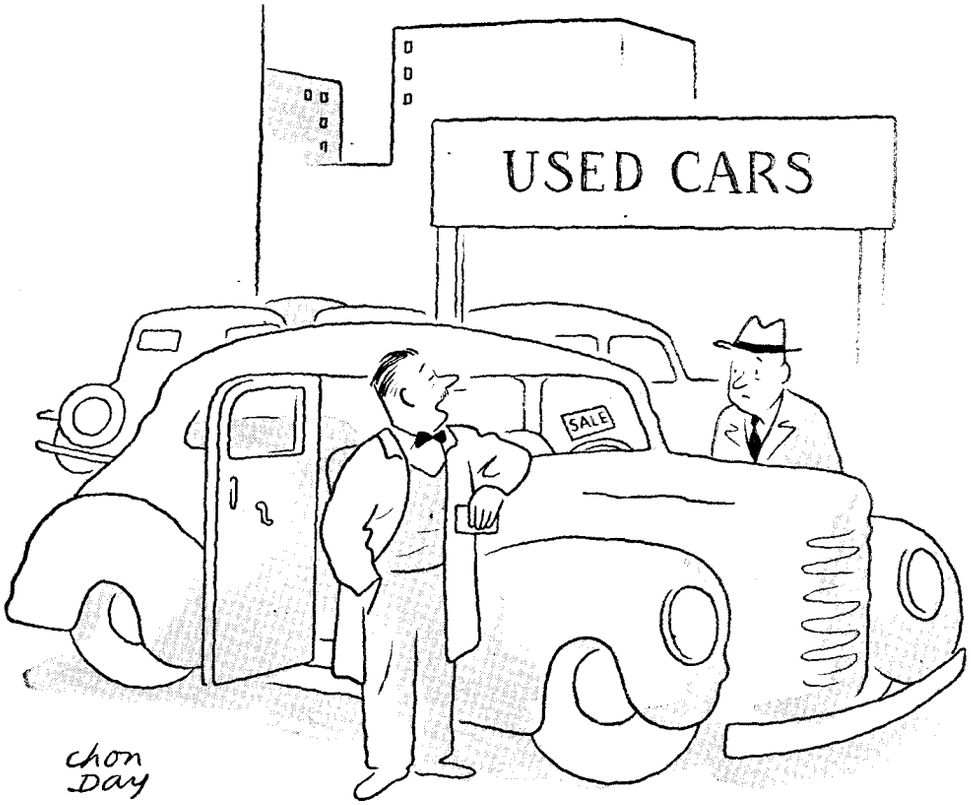


*"Boy, listen to the rhythmic slap slap slap of those pistons!"*

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noted how deeply this European war, now mercifully ended, was loathed by refined, sensitive souls. I have also noted how eagerly cultured Americans revert in memory to happier days, to their travelling experiences abroad, to some unforgettable month or still more unforgettable year they once spent in the country of art, music, philosophy, and good humor. They remember the dear friends they had there, and their season of education and well-being in the bosom of a German nobleman's family, the exquisite cleanness of everything, the songs at the close of a perfect day, the wonderful little towns, and all that world of kindliness and romance they found in Munich or Dresden."

"*My* Dresden is no more," said Mrs. Mulberry. "Our bombs have destroyed it and everything it stands for."

"British ones, in this particular case," said Dr. Shoe gently. "But, of course, war is war, although I admit one finds it difficult to imagine German bombers deliberately selecting for their target some sacred historical spot in Pennsylvania or Virginia. Yes, war is terrible. In fact, it becomes almost intolerably so when it is forced upon two nations that have so many things in common. It may strike you as a paradox, but really, when one thinks of the soldiers slaughtered in Europe, one says to oneself that they are at least spared the terrible misgivings which we civilians must suffer in silence."

"I think that is very true," remarked Mrs. Hall, slowly nodding her head.

"What about those stories?" asked an old lady who was knitting. "Those stories the papers keep printing about the German atrocities. I suppose all that is mostly propaganda?"

Dr. Shoe smiled a tired smile. "I was expecting that question," he said with a touch of sadness in his voice. "Unfortunately, propaganda, exaggeration, faked photographs, and so on are the tools of modern war. I should not be surprised if the Germans themselves had made up stories about the cruelty of the American troops to innocent civilians. Just think of all the nonsense which was invented about the so-called German atrocities in the first World War—those horrible legends about Belgian women being seduced, and so on. Well, immediately after the war, in the summer of 1920, if I am not mistaken, a special committee of German democrats thoroughly investigated the whole matter, and we all know how pedantically thorough and precise German experts can be. Well, they did not find one scintilla of evidence to prove that Germans had not acted like soldiers and gentlemen."

One of the Misses W. ironically remarked that foreign correspondents must make a living. Her remark was witty. Everybody appreciated her ironical and witty remark.

"On the other hand," continued Dr. Shoe when the ripples had subsided, "let us forget propaganda for a moment and turn to dull facts. Allow me to draw you a little picture from the past, a rather sad little picture, but perhaps a necessary one. I will ask you to imagine German boys proudly entering some Polish or Russian town they had conquered. They sang as they marched. They did not know that their Führer was mad; they innocently believed that they were bringing hope and happiness and wonderful order to the fallen town. They could not know that owing to subsequent mistakes and delusions on the part of Adolf Hitler, their conquest would eventually lead to the enemy's making a flaming battlefield of the very cities to which they, those German boys, thought they were bringing everlasting peace. As they bravely marched through the streets in all their finery, with their wonderful war machines and their banners, they smiled at everybody and everything because they were patheticallly good-natured and well-meaning. They innocently expected the same friendly attitude on the part of the population. Then, gradually, they realized that the streets through which they so boyishly, so confidently, marched, were lined with silent and motionless crowds of Jews, who glared at them with hatred and who insulted each passing soldier, not by words—they were too clever for that—but by black looks and ill-concealed sneers."

"I know that kind of look," said Mrs. Hall grimly.

"But *they* did not," said Dr. Shoe in plaintive tones. "That is the point. They were puzzled. They did not understand, and they were hurt. So what did they do? At first they tried to fight that hatred with patient explanations and little tokens of kindness. But the wall of hatred surrounding them only got thicker. Finally they were forced to imprison the leaders of the vicious and arrogant coalition. What else could they do?"

"I happen to know an old Russian Jew," said Mrs. Mulberry. "Oh, just a business acquaintance of Mr. Mulberry's. Well, he confessed to me once that he would gladly strangle with his own hands the very first German soldier he met. I was so shocked that I just stood there

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and did not know what to answer."

"I would have," said a stout woman who sat with her knees wide apart. "As a matter of fact, one hears much too much about punishing the Germans. They, too, are human beings. And any sensitive person will agree with what you say about their not being responsible for those so-called atrocities, most of which have probably been invented by the Jews. I get mad when I hear people still jabbering about furnaces and torture houses, which, if they existed at all, were operated by only a few men as insane as Hitler."

"Well, I am afraid one must be understanding," said Dr. Shoe, with his impossible smile, "and take into account the workings of the vivid Semitic imagination which controls the American press. And one must remember, too, that there were many purely sanitary measures which the orderly German troops had to adopt in dealing with the corpses of the elderly who had died in camp, and, in some cases, in disposing of the victims of typhus epidemics. I am quite free from any racial prejudices myself, and I can't see how these age-old racial problems have anything to do with the attitude to be adopted toward Germany now that she has surrendered. Especially when I remember the way the British treat natives in their colonies."

"Or how the Jewish Bolsheviks used to treat the Russian people—*ai-ai-ai!*" remarked Colonel Melnikov.

"Which is no more the case, is it?" asked Mrs. Hall.

"No, no," said the Colonel. "The great Russian people has waked up and my country is again a great country. We had three great leaders. We had Ivan, whom his enemies called Terrible, then we had Peter the Great, and now we have Joseph Stalin. I am a White Russian and have served in the Imperial Guards, but also I am a Russian patriot and a Russian Christian. Today, in every word that comes out of Russia, I feel the power, I feel the splendor of old Mother Russia. She is again a country of soldiers, religion, and true Slavs. Also, I know that when the Red Army entered German towns, not a single hair fell from German shoulders."

"Head," said Mrs. Hall.

"Yes," said the Colonel. "Not a single head from their shoulders."

"We all admire your countrymen," said Mrs. Mulberry. "But what about Communism spreading to Germany?"

"If I may be permitted to offer a suggestion," said Dr. Shoe, "I would like to point out that if we are not careful, there will be nowhere for it to spread. I mean there will be no Germany. The main problem which this country will have to face is to prevent the victors from enslaving the German nation and sending the young and hale and the lame and old—intellectuals and civilians—to work like convicts in the vast area of the East. This is against all the principles of democracy and war. If you tell me that the Germans did the same thing to the nations they conquered, I will remind you of three things: first, that the German State was not a democracy and couldn't be expected to act like one; secondly, that most, if not all, of the so-called 'slaves' came of their own free will; and in the third place—and this is the most important point—that they were well fed, well clothed, and lived in civilized surroundings which, in spite of all our natural enthusiasm for the immense population and geography of Russia, Germans are not likely to find in the country of the Soviets.

"Neither must we forget," continued Dr. Shoe, with a dramatic rise in his voice, "that Nazism was really not a German but an alien organization oppressing the German people. Adolf Hitler was an Austrian, Ley a Jew, Rosenberg half French, half Tartar. The German nation has suffered under this non-German yoke just as much as other European countries have suffered from the effects of the war waged on their soil. To civilians, who not only have been crippled and killed but whose treasured possessions and wonderful homes have been annihilated by bombs, it matters little whether those bombs were dropped by a German or an Allied plane. Germans, Austrians, Italians, Rumanians, Greeks, and all the other peoples of Europe are now members of one tragic brotherhood, all are equal in misery and hope, all should be treated alike, and let us leave the task of finding and judging the guilty to future historians, to unbiassed old scholars in the immortal centers of European cul-

*"Perhaps you'd like to try it out."*

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ture, in the serene universities of Heidelberg, Bonn, Jena, Leipzig, München. Let the phoenix of Europe spread its eagle wings again, and God bless America."

THERE was a reverent pause while Dr. Shoe tremulously lit a cigarette, and then Mrs. Hall, pressing the palms of her hands together in a charming, girlish gesture, begged him to round out the meeting with some lovely music. He sighed, got up, trod upon my foot in passing, apologetically touched my knee with the tips of his fingers, and, having sat down before the piano, bowed his head and remained motionless for several audibly silent seconds. Then, slowly and very gently, he laid his cigarette on an ashtray, removed the ashtray from the piano into Mrs. Hall's helpful hands, and bent his head again. At last he said, with a little catch in his voice, "First of all, I will play 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' "

Feeling that this was more than I could stand—in fact, having reached a point where I was beginning to feel physically sick—I got up and hurriedly left the room. As I was approaching the closet where I had seen the maid store my things, Mrs. Hall overtook me, together with a billow of distant music.

"Must you leave?" she said. "Must you really leave?"

I found my overcoat, dropped the hanger, and stamped into my rubbers.

"You are either murderers or fools," I said, "or both, and that man is a filthy German agent."

As I have already mentioned, I am afflicted with a bad stammer at crucial moments and therefore the sentence did not come out as smooth as it is on paper. But it worked. Before she could gather herself to answer, I had slammed the door behind me and was carrying my overcoat downstairs as one carries a child out of a house on fire. I was in the street when I noticed that the hat I was about to put on did not belong to me.

It was a well-worn fedora, of a deeper shade of gray than my own and with a narrower brim. The head it was meant for was smaller than mine. The inside of the hat carried the label "Werner Bros., Chicago" and smelled of another man's hairbrush and hair lotion. It could not belong to Colonel Melnikov, who was as bald as a bowling ball, and I assumed that Mrs. Hall's husband was either dead or kept his hats in another place. It was a disgusting object to carry about, but the night was rainy and cold, and I used the thing as a kind of rudimentary umbrella. As soon as I got home, I started writing a letter to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, but did not get very far. My inability to catch and retain names seriously impaired the quality of the information I was trying to impart, and since I had to explain my presence at the meeting, a lot of diffuse and vaguely suspicious matter concerning my own namesake had to be dragged in. Worst of all, the whole affair assumed a dreamlike, grotesque aspect when related in detail, whereas all I really had to say was that a person from some unknown address in the Middle West, a person whose name I did not even know, had been talking sympathetically about the German people to a group of silly old women in a private house. Indeed, judging by the expression of that same sympathy continuously cropping up in the writings of certain well-known columnists, the whole thing might be perfectly legal, for all I knew.

EARLY the next morning I opened the door in answer to a ring, and there was Dr. Shoe, bareheaded, raincoated, silently offering me my hat, with a cautious half-smile on his blue-and-pink face. I took the hat and mumbled some thanks. This he mistook for an invitation to come in. I could not remember where I had put his fedora, and the feverish search I had to conduct, more or less in his presence, soon became ludicrous.

"Look here," I said. "I shall mail, I shall send, I shall forward you that hat when I find it, or a check, or a check, if I don't."

"But I'm leaving this afternoon," he said gently, "and moreover, I would like to have a little explanation of the strange remark you addressed to my very dear friend Mrs. Hall."

He waited patiently while I tried to tell him as neatly as I could that the police, the authorities, would explain that to her.

"You do not understand," he said at length. "Mrs. Hall is a very well-known society lady and has numerous connections in official circles. Thank God we live in a great country, where everybody can speak his mind without being insulted for expressing a private opinion."

I told him to go away.

When my final splutter had petered out, he said, "I will go away, but please remember, in this country—" and he shook his bent finger at me sidewise, German fashion, in facetious reproof.

Before I could decide where to hit him, he had glided out. I was trembling all over. My inefficiency, which at times has amused me and even pleased me in a subtle way, now appeared atrocious

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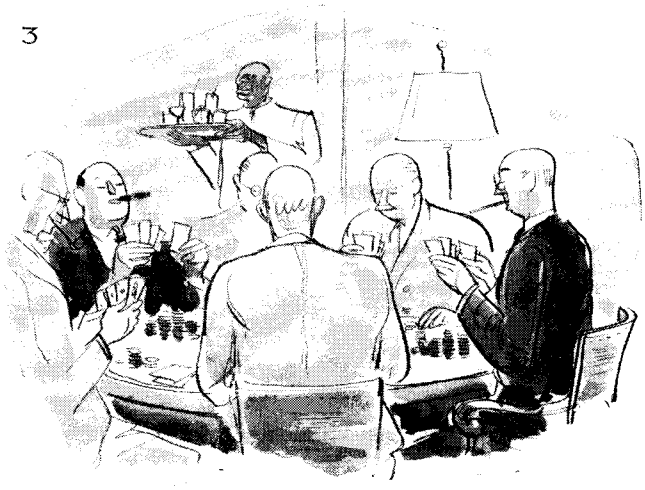
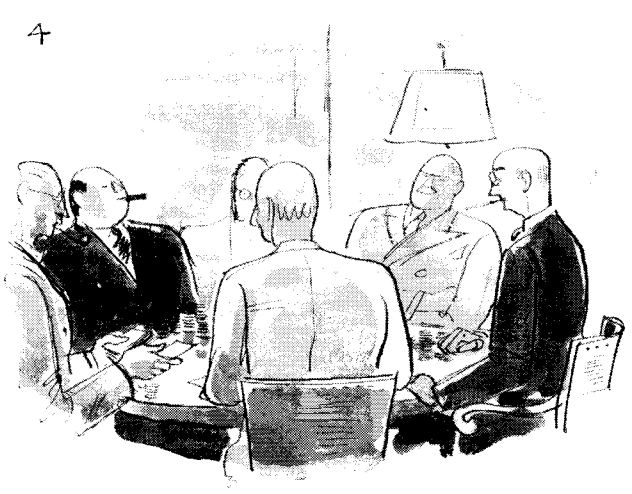
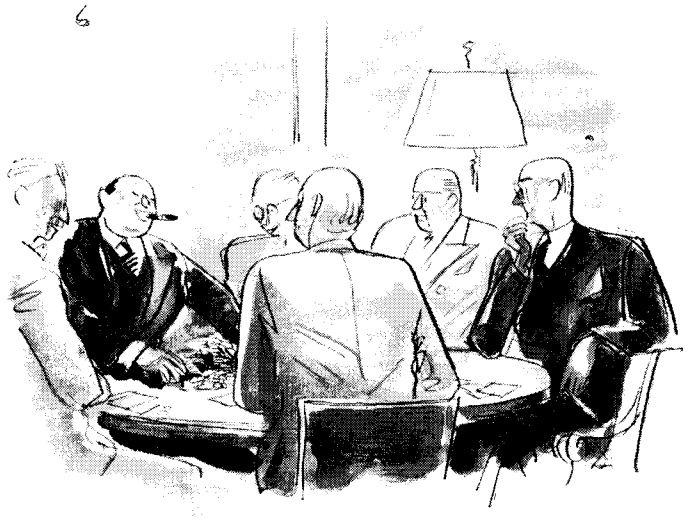
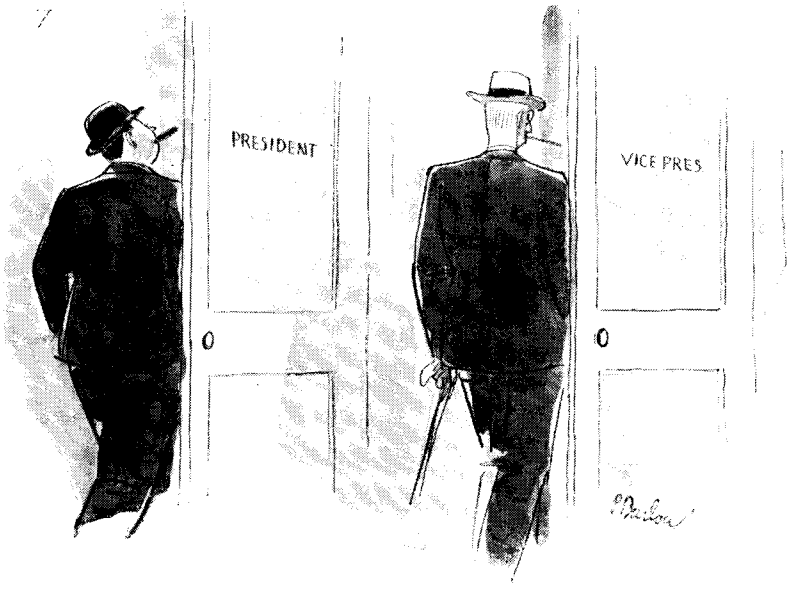





and base. All of a sudden I caught sight of Dr. Shoe's hat on a heap of old magazines under the little telephone table in my hall. I hurried to a front window, opened it, and, as Dr. Shoe emerged four stories below, tossed the hat in his direction. It described a parabola and made a pancake landing in the middle of the street. There it turned a somersault, missed a puddle by a matter of inches, and lay gaping, wrong side up. Dr. Shoe, without looking up, waved his hand in acknowledgment, retrieved the hat, satisfied himself that it was not too muddy, put it on, and walked away, jauntily wiggling his hips. I have often wondered why is it that a thin German always manages to look so plump behind when wearing a raincoat.




ALL that remains to be told is that a week later I received a letter the peculiar Russian of which can hardly be appreciated in translation.

"Esteemed Sir," it read. "You have been pursuing me all my life. Good friends of mine, after reading your books, have turned away from me thinking that I was the author of those depraved, decadent writings. In 1941, and again in 1943, I was arrested in France by the Germans for things I never had said or thought. Now in America, not content with having caused me all sorts of troubles in other countries, you have the arrogance to impersonate me and to appear in a drunken condition at the house of a highly respected person. This I will not tolerate. I could have you jailed and branded as an imposter, but I suppose you would not like that, and so I suggest that by way of indemnity . . ."

The sum he demanded was really a most modest one.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV

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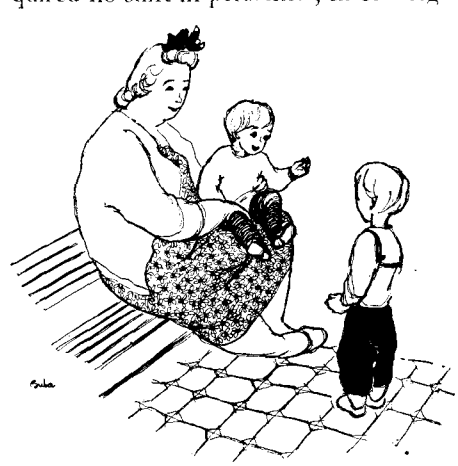
# A REPORTER WITH THE B-29s

## III—THE CIGAR, THE THREE WINGS, AND THE LOW-LEVEL ATTACKS

SINCE assuming command in the middle of January, this year, of the Twenty-first Bomber Command of the Twentieth Air Force, based on Guam, Tinian, and Saipan, in the Marianas, the thirty-nine-year-old Major General Curtis E. LeMay had made training his No. 1 priority for the Command, the bombing of Japan his secondary mission. His predecessor, Brigadier General Haywood S. (Possum) Hansell, Jr., had inaugurated a Lead Crew School soon after the initial operations from Saipan. LeMay had been transferred from China, where he had stepped up the efficiency of his B-29 squadrons by several hundred per cent by the same method (which he is generally credited with having originated in England in the Eighth Air Force), and he employed the system on a big scale in the Marianas. All kinds of training courses were initiated overnight, and special techniques in bombing, pilotage, gunnery, navigation, and so on were introduced. The principle of the Lead Crew School is simply that certain crews are selected for special training, with the idea that these crews will lead the bombing formations over a target. The other airplanes in each formation drop their bombs when their lead airplane drops its bombs. LeMay thought that it would pay off in the end if he cut down on the number of airplanes bombing Japan for a short period and increased the number used in lead-crew training. So for some weeks, while eighty or ninety B-29s bombed Japan every four or five days, other dozens of B-29s bombed Truk, Iwo Jima, Pagan, and other Japanese islands on training missions, and crew members attended special classes day and night. Around March 1st, when LeMay was about ready to start increasing the size of his strikes against Japan, the order came from Washington for a maximum effort beginning around March 10th. Now that the order had come, he had no choice but to put as many airplanes over Japan as he could and to resume lead-crew training, and other training, after the maximum effort had been mounted. This suited him fine, as it happened.

LeMay, whom all of us in the Twenty-first Bomber Command called the Cigar, had been the commander now for about six weeks. He had made few changes in personnel. He had brought with him five or six staff officers from his old outfit in China and India, the Twentieth Bomber Command of the Twentieth Air Force, and they had stepped quietly into important but not top positions on his staff. A Plans Officer had taken over the Plans section under the incumbent deputy chief of staff for Plans, Operations, Training, and Intelligence. An A-2 (Intelligence) had stepped into the position left vacant by Hansell's A-2, who was in Washington for a conference. A young flying colonel, a friend and former tentmate of mine on Saipan, who had told me a little about LeMay (having worked under him in England with the Eighth Air Force) and who had been looking forward to LeMay's coming, had been relieved of his job as A-3 (Operations) and had been given an equally important but less desirable job as deputy commander of the B-29 wing on Tinian, and a new A-3 from China had stepped in at our Bomber Command. All this had happened within a few days after LeMay's arrival. LeMay had selected for the very important post of chief of staff in his new command Brigadier General August W. Kissner, who had worked with him in England. Kissner had flown home from Europe for a week's duty in Washington and a few days' leave, and was with us on Guam by this time. Kissner proved at once to be an ideal chief of staff. Like LeMay, he believes in, and is fond of, people, but his personality enables him to work for the same ends as LeMay by the application of a subtle intellect and by written policies rather than by forthright action and spoken words. LeMay undoubtedly picked him for those reasons. There was between them, also, a high mutual regard. Kissner's assignment had required no shift in personnel, since Brigadier General Roger M. Ramey, who had been Hansell's chief of staff, had been given command of the Twentieth Bomber Command in China, to replace LeMay. Ramey, a hard-bitten, tough, ribald, small-boned Westerner, had returned to the States after the heroic days at Pearl Harbor and the Philippines at the outset of the Pacific war and had been acting commanding general of the Twenty-first Bomber Command throughout its training days at home, until Hansell assumed command just before it moved overseas.



Colonel John B. Montgomery, a brilliant young Southerner, who had been acting chief of staff for Hansell in the early days on Saipan and who had again assumed this post when Ramey left for China, was able to go back to his regular job of assistant chief of staff for Plans, Operations, Training, and Intelligence when Kissner came out to become LeMay's permanent chief of staff. Monty, as this young colonel was known to everybody, had played his guitar in attempted gaiety at a party in Hansell's quarters the night before the retiring General had left for the States, and he had, with equal steadfastness, gone right along working his head off for LeMay. (You somehow never felt that Monty was working for himself.) Many of us, including myself, had wondered whether Monty would outlast the change in command. His was the most important job in the Command next to that of the chief of staff, and he had never met LeMay before LeMay took over. Then, one night toward the end of the first week in March, I had a quick coffee with Monty in the mess hall long after almost everybody else was asleep, and Monty said, "We got some hot stuff coming up. This guy LeMay is a pistol, a real pistol." I looked at Monty carefully. He seemed fine. He was clearly on the beam—a tired, tense, excited, confident colonel of the Air Forces.

Under Hansell, I had achieved a position in which I was in everybody's confidence about plans, even the most secret ones, because Hansell had decided that I could more effectively prevent plans from leaking out to the public (and to the enemy) if I knew what the plans were. I was now in the unpleasant but entirely routine position of being left out of the know in such matters by all concerned until the new boss, LeMay, had indicated to his chief assistants just

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where I, as the Public Relations Officer and Staff Press Censor, was to fit into the general picture. I had been through this before in other commands and had learned that the only thing to do is to sit tight, do your job, and speak when you are spoken to unless you have something that requires an immediate decision by the commanding general, in which case you put your case briefly, get your decision, and back out fast. My meetings with LeMay had not been the kind that causes anyone to sleep easily. The preservation of self-esteem being the important factor that it is in life, one fears being relieved of a good job in the Army much as one fears being fired from a good job in civilian life, whether or not economics is involved. I had sensed immediately that LeMay was suspicious of the activity called Public Relations, a feeling with which I had the most profound sympathy. But I had found that the generals who first despise Public Relations, and want to bypass or forget it, are the ones who adopt the most reasonable attitude toward it once they understand what it is and what it can be, and once they have confidence in their Public Relations Officer. There are other generals who are greatly impressed by Public Relations and who think they know all about it. These generals hardly ever, in my experience, are able to adopt a sensible attitude toward Public Relations and usually end up with at least one foot in some kind of hot water.

In the weeks that LeMay had been with us on Guam, I had learned, along with other staff officers, how to catch his soft and frequently arresting words, even when, characteristically, he mumbled them through his cigar. It was on March 6th that he said to me, "This outfit has been getting a lot of publicity without having really accomplished a hell of a lot in bombing results." I started, in irritation if not in anger, to tell him of the struggle it had been to keep the publicity down as much as it had been kept down since the first B-29 strike on Tokio from Saipan, three months back, and to tell him how flattering Washington had been about the success, as Washington saw it, of my efforts to persuade the war correspondents not to exaggerate the news of our initial operations. Instead, I looked at him fairly coolly, I think, and said that there was a long story attached to this matter and that I could tell it to him if he wanted but that I thought on the whole I would be wasting his time. He made what looked like a grimace of disgust, stared at the floor, shifted his cigar, and finally said, "Tell Monty to fill you in on everything that's coming up. A lot of it can't be told until we know the Japs know what we're up to, but that's your baby. You see that what we don't want to get out doesn't get out."

*"In one respect I'm sitting pretty. I've got a comfortable backlog of weddings to take me through the summer."*

• •

"Yes, sir," I said.

He looked at me for a minute more. "This B-29 is a wonderful airplane," he said, and picked up some papers from his desk. "Let me know if you have any troubles I need to know about."

I had learned already that the grimace LeMay frequently made when talking to his people was not intended to express disgust. The grimace is a smile. He had had serious sinus trouble and had neglected it during his tour of duty with the Eighth Air Force in England. A muscle normally used to lift and spread the corners of the mouth became partially paralyzed, so that it lifts one corner almost imperceptibly and the other corner not at all. I had also learned that he can speak quite clearly and distinctly, with expression and inflection, when he has something important to say; that it is mostly in small talk or on inconsequential matters that he mumbles and tries to stop the trickle of words with the end of a cigar or pipe. I knew, too, that he had humor of a good, sound kind, the kind that is used to illuminate something serious, or semi-serious. Along about this time, a supply officer brought up, in a staff meeting, in a semi-serious manner, the question whether spittoons should be installed in the B-29s for Southern and Middle Western crew members who, according to the supply officer, chewed tobacco all the way to

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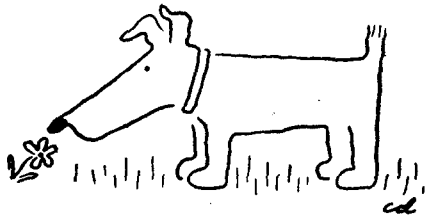
Tokio and back and, after they landed, spat gills of tobacco juice every few seconds for an hour or so. There was some discussion about the matter. In the tenseness, the high excitement of those days when thousands of improvements, in accordance with the perfectionist standards Hansell had introduced on Saipan, were being injected by LeMay everywhere in the sprawling Command, all up and down the line and into every function of every staff position, into all the corresponding staff positions in every wing and group and squadron on Guam and Tinian and Saipan, such a problem as the possible need for spittoons for tobacco-chewing crew members could and did invite a delighted, half-hysterical attention from everybody. This particular problem offered enough comic opportunities to give us all a moment's relaxation but was also sufficiently technical to be allowed to soar for a few minutes to the high status of a matter that had been brought up at a formal staff meeting for an immediate Command decision. LeMay listened to the discussion, cigar in mouth. Then he removed the cigar, smiled his muscle-bound smile, and said, "Tobacco chewers from the South and Middle West spit from pleasure or from satisfaction, not from necessity. You don't need to put spittoons in the airplanes for them. They'll spit when they get home and they won't want to spit until they do get home, where somebody can see them spit."

IT was not until late in the night of the day I had talked with LeMay, the day he had suggested that I get from Monty the story of what was coming up, that I was able to catch Monty with a few minutes to spare from more important matters. Monty and I were friends. On Saipan, in the sleepless weeks of the initial strikes, we had adopted a deadpan system of allocating a certain priority to my requests for moments of his official time. Monty looked on me as an elderly, rather interesting, somewhat eccentric character with whom, at rare intervals, when both of us had nothing on our minds, he had discussed literature, going into that subject with the same natural, keen, get-to-the-bottom-of-it intelligence and lighthearted concentration that he applied to a problem of air tactics or gasoline consumption.

When I had official business that required Monty's attention, I would say, "Monty, I've got to see you," usually when he was hustling along a hallway, across a coral road, or entering the General's office or quarters.

"Priority?" he would ask. I would show him, in the palm of my left hand, like a baseball catcher, one, two, or three fingers of my right hand. It was understood between us that even a No. 3 priority matter could not be delayed more than twelve hours, or beyond the end of that particular working day or night. This day I found him trotting across the muddy space between the Operations and Intelligence Quonset huts, and I gave him the three-finger sign. "O.K.," he said, looking desperate but resigned and friendly. "If I don't call you this afternoon, come over to the tent about eleven tonight and I'll give you a beer along with whatever it is you want."



"It's top-secret stuff," I said. "The Cigar said for you to fill me in on what's coming up."

"O.K.," said Monty. "The two guys

## HONEYMOON

Thus the white orchid, glorious a while,
The Venus of the tall wave of her hair,
Is dropped slyly and sadly in the trash,
And Love with well-pleased hands unpacks her rare
Long-nurtured and night-flowering smile, which too
Blooms once nocturnally and dies with a slight crash.

Thanking their cousin for the dubious joke,
Their mother for her tears withheld,
And aunt for grief which almost yelled
Out loud, and chiefly him who spoke
Great words, and watched with Moses' look
The two gold rings that jingled in the book,
At last they heard the blessing, and so kissed.

They stand beside a window where in mist
Niagaras of emotion sweep them down
The bottomless trough like lost and naked things,
Or where Connecticuts of placidity
Sit with the cat in a basket chair
Between the doll-house steeples of the town,
Or where Sierras of aridity
Lose them in Indian imaginings
On peaks where souls in wind are rarefied.

These are the infinite Sundays of their lives
Which, being infinite, fly with gasping speed
And, being Sundays, dawdle in their bed;
They learn the tribal humor of all wives
And husbands, gladly take the victim's head
With ritual cruelty and by tender knives,
Awake to flowers at full maturity,
Roses with no suggestion of the dead.

Travel with him and wish upon this land,
For by the gold manacle of your left hand
Extravagance exists no more. See there
Alone the anonymous house for sale
And there the crowded house with the glass door.
Choose with your life the proper pale
For love so driven, separate and unspent.
Twice around the world he went
From one war to the other war,
Arriving one day wordless at your side
To bring to life, world overwhelmed, his bride.

—KARL SHAPIRO

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in my tent are in on it, so come on over then if I don't call you."

Monty never called, so I got the dope that night in his tent. Our maximum effort, beginning on March 9th, was to be a series of all-out incendiary raids on the four principal industrial cities of Japan. The cities were to be bombed at night. The B-29s were to carry the new fire bombs, the ones made of a jellied gasoline, a type of incendiary that had not been made public or very much talked about. The airplanes were to carry around six tons of these bombs apiece. There were to be upward of three hundred B-29s on each raid. The raids were to be carried out every other night. The B-29s were to go in at five to six thousand feet instead of the customary twenty-five to thirty thousand feet.

I can convey only rather inadequately what this news must have meant to wing commanders, squadron commanders, airplane commanders, co-pilots, bombardiers, radio operators, instrument specialists, gunners, crew chiefs, engineers, maintenance men, supply people, mechanics, ordnance people, and others directly concerned with operations in the B-29 outfits on Guam and Tinian and Saipan, and what it would mean to thousands of other officers and men in all kinds of other jobs in the Command, when they learned about it, by saying that although I had worked hard since seven o'clock that morning and was tired and sleepy when I went to see Monty, I could no more sleep than a rabbit when I left him and went to my tent. My tentmate, Lieutenant George C. McGhee (U.S.N.R.), a bright young Texas oil millionaire who was our naval liaison officer and who had, on his own initiative, become our expert on air-sea rescue, was going to bed when I got to my tent. I cagily found out whether he knew of the future plans. He did, and we talked for a half hour or so. Then George went to sleep and I tried to figure things out. I had not wanted to keep Monty up longer than necessary. He had given me the bare facts. The rest I could find out in the morning, with Monty's authority, from the various people under Monty who would know the details of ordnance, air tactics, bomb loads, and so on. Had I been half as well indoctrinated then as I am now with the Air Forces (or common-sense) method of work, play, and sleep, I would have read a detective story for an hour, got to sleep, and found out the rest of what I wanted to know in the morning. Instead, I read chapter after chapter of the second volume of "Lee's Lieutenants," which the long-gone Possum Hansell had swapped me for a collection of humorous essays before he left for the States. I read until six o'clock, absorbing nothing, had a shower and an early breakfast, and waited around for the people whom I had to talk with right away.

*"Sorry to bother you, Myrt, but I wonder if you could check me up on something."*

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The four big pieces of news in what Monty had told me were (1) that the airplanes were going in at low level, at five to six thousand feet; (2) that they were carrying nothing but incendiary bombs; (3) that they were carrying around six tons of bombs per airplane instead of the usual four; and (4) that the raids were to be staged every other night.

The need for maintaining secrecy about such an operation, even among staff people and other officers and men of the Bomber Command, was more urgent than might be supposed. The Japs still held the island of Rota, within sight of Tinian, and on all three of the main islands of the Marianas, which had been conquered and converted into B-29 bases, uncaptured Japs still lurked by the hundreds, some of them conceivably with portable radio transmitters which could reach Rota or Iwo Jima, if not Tokio. Official intelligence had shown in the past that Tokio sometimes seemed to know just what we were going to do before we did it.

THE first thing I did in the morning was to get filled in on the background of what was now taking shape. It had been around March 1st that the maximum effort on the part of the B-29s of the Twenty-first Bomber Command had been ordered by General of the Army H. H. Arnold, commanding the Twentieth Air Force (the over-all B-29 organization) in Washington. This maximum effort was desired by General Arnold in his capacity as Commanding General of all United States Army Air Forces and in his capacity as one of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The invasion of Iwo Jima had recently begun, and the two other members of the American high command—General Marshall and Admiral King—knew, of course, as Arnold did, that the invasion of Okinawa was coming up on April 1st.

General Arnold's Chief of Staff of the Twentieth Air Force, Brigadier General Lauris Norstad, had returned to Washington in January from a

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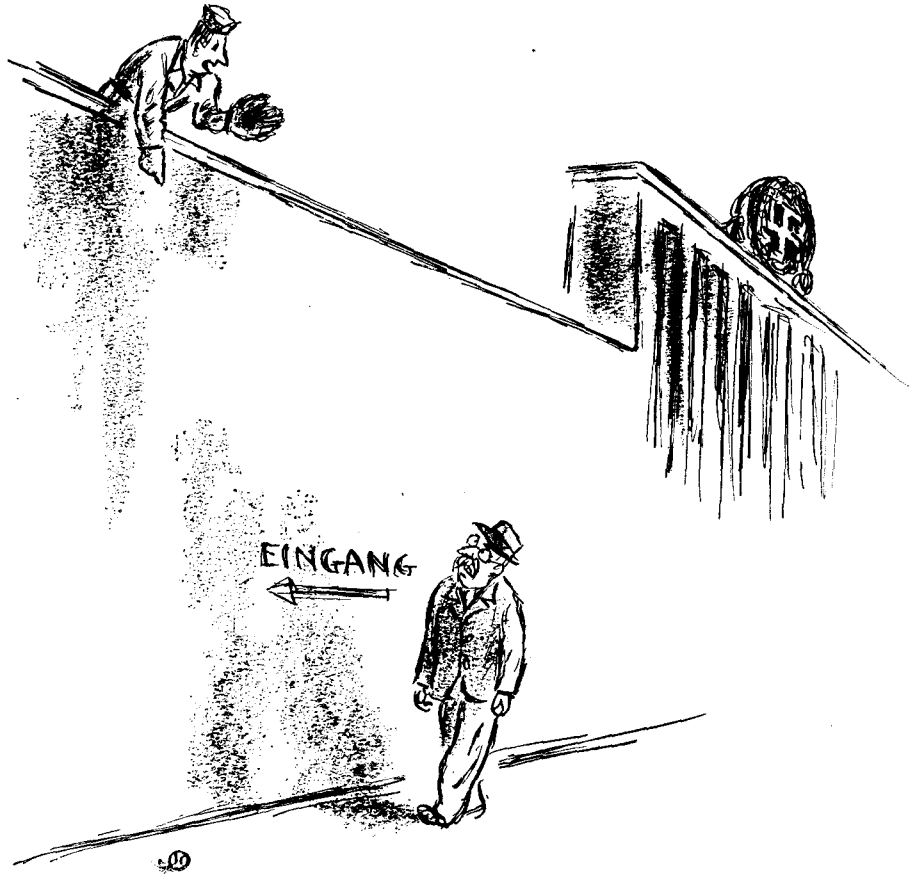
trip to Guam, where he had effected, at General Arnold's request, a change in command whereby LeMay, the big-time operator, had taken over from Hansell, the big-time planner. This marked the end of the first phase of the B-29 operations from the Marianas and the beginning of a new phase. Hansell, who had got the D.S.M. for having planned and executed the first phase of B-29 operations, had returned to the States for a new assignment. Norstad knew that LeMay's island-based B-29s could do something fairly impressive and so did General Arnold.

On Saipan was Brigadier General Emmett (Rosy) O'Donnell's B-29 wing, which had run the initial strike against Tokio on November 24th (Guam time) and was now at full strength. A new wing, on Tinian, commanded by Brigadier General John H. Davies, was almost at full strength and had taken part in the last couple of missions. A third wing, on Guam, where the Bomber Command had established its permanent Mariana Islands headquarters, was getting organized under Brigadier General Thomas S. Power. The wing on Guam was having quite a time, what with a shortage of tractors and bulldozers for clearing out the jungle so that the ground echelons could move in and start building their establishments, but it was doing all right. One squadron had got tired of waiting for machinery and had cleared out its own space in the jungle with axes and trench knives. It was plain enough to all concerned that by March 10th or thereabouts a maximum effort on the part of all three wings under LeMay could be something pretty good, with a force of perhaps three hundred B-29s over Japan at one time. What it would be, how it would be organized, what tactics would be used, and what particular part of industrial Japan, concentrated in the cities of Tokio, Nagoya, Osaka, and Kobe, would be the target were details that LeMay, as the commander in the field, would have to work out for himself, in accordance with the routine functioning of Army channels of command responsibility. On every clear day since before the first operation, B-29s had flown over Japan on photographic-reconnaissance missions, and LeMay's choice of industrial targets would be based on the pictures they had brought back and on other intelligence.

This was the morning of March 7th, and the raids were to commence on March 9th. I found out that morning that no field order had yet been written. It was being written by the Operations people, giving detailed tactical procedures for the forthcoming maximum effort. How many of the details did Washington know? I needed to find that out because, if Washington knew all about it, whatever wires I had to send it later in the day, or tomorrow, in order that certain matters involving security would be withheld from the press by Twentieth Air Force headquarters there, would make sense; otherwise, they wouldn't. Washington hadn't been informed of the detailed plan as yet, I learned. In fact, hardly anybody knew about it, especially about the unprecedented, daring, almost unbelievable decision to go in at low level instead of at twenty-five to thirty thousand feet. The Cigar had made that decision shortly before I had talked to him yesterday, it seemed. The field order would go out to the wings this afternoon and to Washington at about the same time. General Norstad, the Chief of Staff of the Twentieth Air Force, was already flying out for a conference with LeMay and would arrive on the morning of March 9th, so even Norstad didn't know the details of what was coming up. He knew, of course, that we were putting on a maximum effort, as we had been ordered to do, and he knew that all-out incendiary raids were one of several possibilities open to LeMay if he could see how to make such raids really effective.

The idea of going in at low level had crystallized in LeMay's mind after all sorts of talks he had had with all sorts of people. General Power, boss of the new wing, on Guam, which was just about ready to start operating, had had some ideas about low-level bombing by B-29s, which, when put together with some ideas Monty had been working up with the new Plans officer, had made LeMay see a possibility for a tactical stroke far beyond what Power or Monty or the Plans officer had envisioned. Rosy O'Donnell, up on Saipan, had had some other good ideas. General Davies, the wing commander on Tinian, had contributed some more. Then LeMay had settled down to make a decision of the kind that this war has known only infrequently, a decision like Grant's when he let Sherman try his march through Georgia, and like several other sudden, quick, unprecedented tactical decisions of the Napoleonic and other wars which this war, with its more or less classic alignment of power in Europe and to some extent in Asia, has seldom required of its generals either in the field or in the high command at home.

LeMay wanted to go in at five to six thousand feet, lay a careful pattern of precisely aimed incendiary clusters all over the industrial heart of a ten-square-mile section of Tokio, and burn it to

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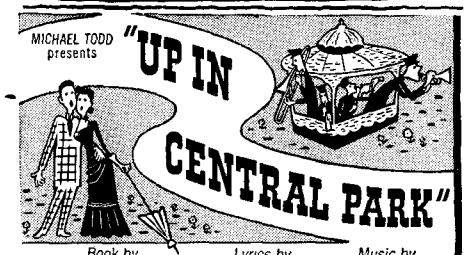
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ashes. What would be the effect of flak on our airplanes at five to six thousand feet? He called in all the flak experts from the wings, along with selected airplane commanders who had had experience over both Europe and Tokio. He talked to them. The flak experts, almost to a man, told him he would lose seventy per cent of his airplanes over Tokio if he sent them in at that altitude. They spoke of the effectiveness of flak at twenty-five thousand, at thirty thousand feet. LeMay listened to them and weighed the facts and figures. "If you are right," he said mildly, "we won't have many airplanes left if we go in low." Flak had been heavy, it was true, at twenty-five and thirty thousand feet, but how many airplanes had we lost to enemy flak? Statistical Control had the figures and LeMay looked at them. They were not impressive. What did the airplane commanders with European experience think? He talked to them. Some of them, at least, thought we could pull it off, especially because of the element of surprise. But it would be touch and go, almost everybody felt. At five to six thousand feet, the B-29 is a wonderfully big target for anti-aircraft gunners and for machine-gunners as well. LeMay talked to many other people, all of whom tried to give him their best opinion. Monty was for the precedent-breaking low-level technique. So was Power. So were some others. There wasn't time to ask everybody. There was no time to consult Washington, and anyway this was LeMay's responsibility and nobody else's. LeMay had kept on talking to people for a couple of days and then must have had quite a session with himself.

LeMay, I had begun to learn, was a very tough man, a very tough man indeed. He had the kind of toughness that comes from, or with, innate sensitivity, from, or with, innate goodness and hard, clear honesty, especially when the possessor of such qualities has been faced, in his youth, with reality at its damnedest. I don't know much about LeMay's early years except that he had no advantages, put himself through Ohio State University, and went into the Air Corps for pilot training in 1929, the first year of the depression. He was thirty-five years old when, as a major, he took a group of B-17s to England in 1942. He had trained his air crews relentlessly, and had been so tough with them that they called him Old Ironpants, and not with affection in those days. He had trained them heartlessly, having a heart that revolted at the idea of what lack of discipline and training would mean to his young crews. He had led them on all their missions and the group, though it had lost three-quarters of its original crews in a few months' time, suffered fewer casualties than any other in the Eighth Air Force in the early days. It also got better bombing results than any other group in the Eighth Air Force.

LeMay stuck to his high standards of discipline and training, led the first mission against Regensburg, became a division commander of the Eighth Air Force, threw his bombers with accuracy and skill at the great strategic targets of Germany when the crews had learned to drop bombs exactly where his intelligence people said to drop them, and became, at thirty-eight, the youngest major general in the Air Forces. He has the capacity to know the complex job of strategic bombardment up and down and in and out and also has, I think, the quality of leadership at its best. Before he had been on Guam a month, there were staff officers all over the headquarters, and other officers in the wings on Saipan, Tinian, and Guam, who, at the mention of his name, would say, as if the phrase were a refrain, "Aw, Jesus, that guy's a pistol, a real pistol." These officers had, as far as I can discover, simply received LeMay's confidence and were breaking their necks to prove that his judgment was sound in trusting them to do their jobs. A few had been jolted by him. There was one rather high officer who was going through what might be called a walking nervous breakdown. He was worrying himself sick every day over a thousand and one matters, seeing ghosts where there were only tough problems, and endangering the efficiency of his part of the B-29 operation and the morale of the men he was trying to help. LeMay heard about the officer from several sources and was advised that he ought to speak to him. "I'll have a talk with him," said LeMay. The talk was brief and miraculous. The Cigar listened to the officer for fifteen minutes and then said to him, "Stop fooling around and get to work." That was all the Cigar said. The officer told me later that it cleared up all his troubles on the spot, made a new man of him, and put him on the beam. "That guy's a pistol, a

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real pistol," he added, shaking his head from side to side.

LeMay says things to people in a quiet, sometimes distinct, sometimes muffled voice, and always with sincerity. He says things with an effort, a straining to make not just his words but all that is behind his words fully understood. There is in his eyes at such times a tacit admission that he has been frequently disappointed in his wish to be fully understood, but his eyes also intimate that he still has an incurable faith in the ability of people to see things clearly and do a good job if they have half a chance. He keeps treating people this way day in and day out and it isn't long before he has transmitted his own anxiousness to get the job done and the war over to every officer and man in the outfit he is commanding. He has no personal life beyond games of medicine ball to keep fat off a body that tends toward fat, games of poker to relax as best he can a mind that actually never stops thinking about how to do the job better the next day, and a little reading, mostly fairly serious, to improve a mind he considers inadequate. He has a wife and children in Lakewood, outside of Cleveland, and he wants very much to go back to them and stay with them. Except for a couple of weeks at home, he has been overseas since the autumn of 1942. Now and then he grows impatient with some of the niceties, subtleties, and diplomacies that seem to be incumbent upon a major general in dealing with higher authorities in a theatre of operations or in Washington. Not infrequently his staff has to advise him to go easy. "Why?" he usually asks. "All they can do is reduce me to my permanent rank of captain, isn't it?" He will ask this seriously, rather grimly, and, as often as not, he will go right ahead being undiplomatic and unsubtle and not exactly nice and getting results that he otherwise would not have got as quickly, if at all.

In deciding to send his B-29s in over Tokio at five to six thousand feet, LeMay was increasing the risk his crews would run, and he has a deep feeling of personal responsibility for his crews; he was risking the success of the whole B-29 program, which he had pioneered from his China bases before he got his new job in the Marianas and which is dear to him in an emotional as well as an operational way; and he was risking his own future, not only, I think, as an Army officer but as a human being. If he lost seventy per cent of his airplanes by such a decision, or even fifty

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per cent of them, or even twenty-five per cent of them, he would be through, and I imagine that a man like him would be through in every sense of the word, for he would have lost confidence in himself. He decided that the Jap flak was not really heavy compared to the flak he and his B-17 crews had flown through over Europe. He decided that the Japs would be flabbergasted, that they wouldn't be expecting the great, stratosphere Superfortresses to come in at such an altitude. He decided it was probably not a gamble, that if it was a gamble he was going to take it anyway.

LeMay also decided to take certain unprecedented and even now secret measures to increase the bomb load of his airplanes, to pile on so many incendiaries—some six tons to an airplane—that his three hundred B-29s over Japan would very nearly match the bombing strength of a thousand B-17s over Europe, since the B-17 cannot carry much more than two tons of bombs on a long mission. He decided that if the maintenance crews were asked to do the job, they could get the same force of over three hundred B-29s off every other day for ten days in this maximum effort, although ordinarily it took four or five days to get the B-29s ready to fly again after a mission over Japan. He decided that if several aiming points were carefully selected within the target area of ten square miles in the heart of Tokio, and incendiaries were dropped with precision where they would start fires, that the fires, with the help of the calculable ground wind, would spread and join and become a conflagration that would simply wipe out every industrial target in the area and generally devitalize the city. In deciding all this, he had originated a new technique of strategic bombardment which was unlike the incendiary area bombing employed by the R.A.F. in its night raids over Europe and unlike the pin-point, high-level bombing of the kind generally employed by the Eighth Air Force. It was pin-point, incendiary bombing from a low level, designed not simply to start fires or destroy a single factory but to start one great conflagration whose fury would double and redouble the destructive force of the bombs. He had a highly inflammable city as his target and he decided that the firebreaks and other means of fire control the Japs had devised would be useless if his incendiary clusters landed where he wanted them to land, in such a way that ten square miles of the center of the city would be ablaze within the

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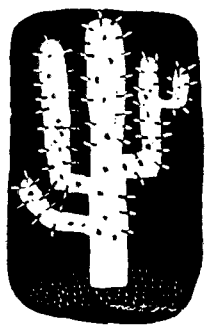
space of the hour it would take the airplanes to get in and get out.

WE had a press conference on the afternoon of March 9th, an hour or so before the airplanes were to take off for Tokio, and fifty-odd correspondents who were primarily covering land and sea operations in the Pacific from Admiral Nimitz's forward headquarters on Guam joined the correspondents already with us and listened to General Norstad and General LeMay tell what was coming up, and what could and couldn't be revealed. Admiral Nimitz's public-relations and press-censorship people had given us every sort of enthusiastic coöperation since the early days on Saipan. The war correspondents would not be allowed to reveal that we were, by design, going in at low level, because the Japs might conceivably think that weather or miscalculation had caused this unexpected innovation and we wanted them to keep on thinking so until we had hit a couple more of their cities. Then we could reveal that we were deliberately going in low. Otherwise, the story could be told in full except for one or two technical matters involving bomb-load figures and air tactics. Then the correspondents went out to North Field, the operational base on Guam, watched the airplanes take off, and wrote their stories. We held them until we got the first bombs-away messages from the airplanes over Tokio, which told us that the raid was on and was going according to plan.

I went to our big operations-control room at about two the next morning to wait for the first reports from the airplanes. Except for the small all-night staff of operations-control officers and clerks, nobody was there but LeMay. He had told the rest of his staff to go to bed if they wanted to, that he was going to sit this one out. Norstad, having flown eighty or ninety hours, on his trip from Washington, with scarcely a rest, was also in the sack, in LeMay's quarters, having been promised a call if anything hot came up. There was really not much anyone could do from now until around nine o'clock in the morning, when the first crews would be coming in to land at Guam and at Tinian and Saipan. However, we could receive the extremely important bombs-away messages that would indicate whether the airplane commanders thought they had started small fires, large fires, or conflagrations and would give some idea of how bad the flak was. LeMay was sitting in the operations-control room, whose walls were covered with charts, maps, graphs, and mission-control boards which told, at a glance, the whole story of the past, present, and future B-29 program. He was sitting on a wooden bench smoking a cigar. He smiled at me and asked me why I didn't go to bed, and I explained that we had to wait to get the first bombs-away messages, to be sure the strike was going off as planned, before releasing the correspondents' stories to the radio transmitters. He ignored my explanation, knowing, I suppose, that my Public Relations staff could and would do that part of the job. "I'm sweating this one out myself," he said. "A lot could go wrong."



This was a time, I decided, when a man in LeMay's position would perhaps get a sort of relief in explaining to a non-technical officer some of the problems of tactics and strategy involved in this operation, or possibly some of his theories about war and so on. "I can't sleep," he remarked. "I usually can, but not tonight." I sat down and we smoked for a while. "If this raid works the way I think it will," he said, "we can shorten this war." He gave this statement all the force of the unusual personality I have tried to describe. He wanted to be fully understood. "In a war," he said, "you've got to try to keep at least one punch ahead of the other guy all the time. A war is a very tough kind of proposition. If you don't get the enemy, he gets you. I think we've figured out a punch he's not expecting this time. I don't think he's got the right flak to combat this kind of raid and I don't think he can keep his cities from being burned down—wiped right off the map. He hasn't moved his industries to Manchuria yet, although he's starting to move them, and if we can destroy them before he can move them, we've got him. I never think anything is going to work until I've seen the pictures after the raid, but if this one works we will shorten this damned war out here."

He looked at his watch. "We won't get a bombs-away for another half hour," he said. "Would you like a Coca-Cola? I can sneak in my quarters without waking up the other guys and get two Coca-Colas and we can drink them in my car. That'll kill most of the half hour."

We drove the hundred yards to his


# LISTEN: JUNE 23, 1945

At 1:25 p.m. on May 4, CBS correspondent Bill Downs stood in a tent on the Luneburg heath near Hamburg and watched the late Admiral Von Friedeberg surrender the German forces in Holland, Denmark and northwest Germany to Field Marshal Montgomery.

At 4:30 p.m. Downs broadcast the first story to the U.S. on CBS. The next morning the New York *Times* and London *Daily Telegraph* printed his broadcast in full.

Just the other day the National Headliners Club gave the Downs report the annual award for the "Outstanding Foreign Exclusive Broadcast of 1944-45." And there were other pretty remarkable foreign broadcasts during the year, including the first one from a mobile transmitter on the Normandy beachhead eight days after D-Day. Downs made that one, too.

★

It was on *We, The People*. The program called for a broadcast from an Army glider being snatched off the ground by a tow-plane at 120 miles an hour. CBS field technicians moved about a ton of equipment to Maxton Field, N. C. and installed the stuff in the glider. Everything was set for the trial run. The plane roared over the field, snatched the glider, which presently landed—and sheared off its antenna. 20 minutes were left before air-time. The Army men shook their heads. The CBS men simply got another glider, rigged up their apparatus once more, tied up the last wire a few seconds before the broadcast. That is why, a few minutes past 10:30 p.m., you heard your loudspeaker say:

"In just a few seconds a C-47 will roar over the field and catch hold of our tow rope... I can hear it coming... We're braced for the pickup... Here goes..."

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quarters in his staff car and he sneaked in and got the Coca-Colas. We sat in the dark, facing the jungle that surrounds the headquarters and grows thickest between the edge of our clearing and the sea. For some reason, we talked about India, where I had once been stationed. He had got there after I had left, but we had seen the same things and agreed that it was a hell of a place. "The way all those people are in India gets you down," he said. "It makes you feel rotten." We went into this fairly deeply.

LeMay is not the sort of general who makes his rank, purely as rank, very much felt. Here in the dark, drinking Coca-Cola with him in the middle of the night, I was not conscious of the presence of rank at all; I was conscious merely of the presence of a good young guy doing a stupendous job, feeling the right things, keeping his head, and wanting to get the war over with. Here was a representative, I thought, of a great many men in the Army in all ranks who are better men than they have ever been before, better than most men anywhere, and I thought briefly of the much-talked-about problem of readjustment after the war. It may be the people at home, I thought, who will have to readjust themselves to these men, rather than the other way around. The mass effect of LeMay and all his people, all those men on the islands of Guam and Tinian and Saipan, working for a high and common purpose, with leadership based on brains and goodness and faith in human endeavor, was something very nearly tangible, something you felt all around you and inside you when you woke up after a few hours' sleep, those tense days and nights. And this, I thought, is just one outfit, of all the countless outfits in this war, that started something, got going, and did what the men knew could be done. The healthy men of such outfits, it occurred to me, do not want or need to be readjusted and it may well be that they are not readjustable.

LeMay and I got back to the operations-control room a few minutes before the bombs-away message from the first B-29 formation over Tokio came in. It was decoded and shown to him. "Bombing the primary target visually," it told him. "Large fires observed. Flak moderate. Fighter opposition nil." This meant that the weather was clear over Tokio and that as far as weather, flak, and fighters were concerned, we were getting the breaks. Then the bombs-away messages from other formations began coming in fast. After the first

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# THE RACE TRACK

## *That Polynesian Again*

POLYNESIAN has done it again. When Mrs. Peter Widener's surprising colt beat Pavot for the Withers at Belmont a fortnight ago, the afternoon was ruined for most of the horseplayers. His victory in the Preakness at Pimlico last weekend, however, made many of them feel that maybe he wasn't a little accident after all, and those who backed him on Saturday at 12–1 naturally decided that he was the greatest horse in the world.

It wasn't the best Preakness I ever saw. There was rough riding, in which Hoop Jr. was the chief sufferer, particularly at the turns, and the pace was uneven—quite fast for six furlongs and then falling off badly. Nevertheless, from my favorite spot on the roof of the stand, it was an exciting race. Polynesian led all the way, fighting off many challenges from The Doge, and finally one from Hoop Jr. Pavot did a fadeout, and it seems obvious now that he is nothing more than a sprinter. As for Hoop Jr., I daresay he missed the handling of Arcaro. He was in close quarters for the first half mile, and did very well to come in second. It is no longer a stable secret, I suppose, that Hoop Jr. has a bad leg which must be iced until it's numb before he can run a race. This is a fairly common practice in racing, though hardly a humane one. All the racing he has done lately hasn't helped his leg any and he came out of the Preakness quite lame. Undoubtedly, he won't run for the Belmont Stakes.

I'm afraid that I dismissed Polynesian rather airily after he won the Withers. Well, he's a good-looking brown colt by Unbreakable, who ran well in England, out of Black Girl, a granddaughter of Black Maria, a famous mare who is fondly remembered by the older generation. A paddock snooper tells me that Polynesian is a temperamental fellow, and that he won because Wright, who rode him, whipped with his left hand, instead of using his right as most boys do. Being hit in a new place, apparently, made him go like anything. Polynesian won't be in the Belmont, either, because last December, when the nominations for the race closed, his stable didn't think he was good enough to be entered.

The Maryland Jockey Club's one-day meet was a good show. Four stakes races were run off besides the Preakness—something of a record for an afternoon in this country, even though the purse distribution of $117,500 may not be. To be brief about it, Rounders came back to his best form and galloped away with the Dixie Handicap; Gallorette took the Pimlico Oaks; a lively filly named Lady Gunner won the Pimlico Nursery; and a lot of Marylanders picked up some summer holiday money on Director J. E. in the Jennings Handicap.

LAST Friday I went down to Belmont to see Colony Boy, Mrs. Elizabeth Graham's $46,000 yearling, run his first race. He is a beautifully made colt, the image of his papa, Eight Thirty, and has a smooth, powerful stride when he chooses to use it. He was named by Mrs. Clara Bell Walsh, who, Mrs. Graham says, "christened him that because there is a restaurant we like, and he's a boy, you know." Colony Boy didn't win. He ran greenly and finished third behind Russell Firestone's Degage, who paid a $115.60 mutuel, and A. J. Sackett's Sun Ireland, but it might not be a bad idea to take a ticket on him next time out. However, Mrs. Graham likes Star Pilot, another of her horses, who cost her only $26,000, just a mite better than Colony Boy at the moment, and not only because he won later that afternoon. I know a man who wanted to bet on Colony Boy but bought a $100 ticket on Degage by mistake. He refused to try to change it because he said it was bad luck to change mutuel tickets. It would have been—$5,780 worth.

MY stay-at-home observer reports that Devil Diver's victory in the $50,000 Suburban last Saturday was one of his better performances. Now I hope he'll win the Brooklyn, also a $50,000 plum, at Aqueduct next month. Only one racer has ever won the Metropolitan, Suburban, and Brooklyn the same year. Whisk Broom II did it back in 1913.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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*[From a recent address by Charles P. Taft in Carnegie Hall]*

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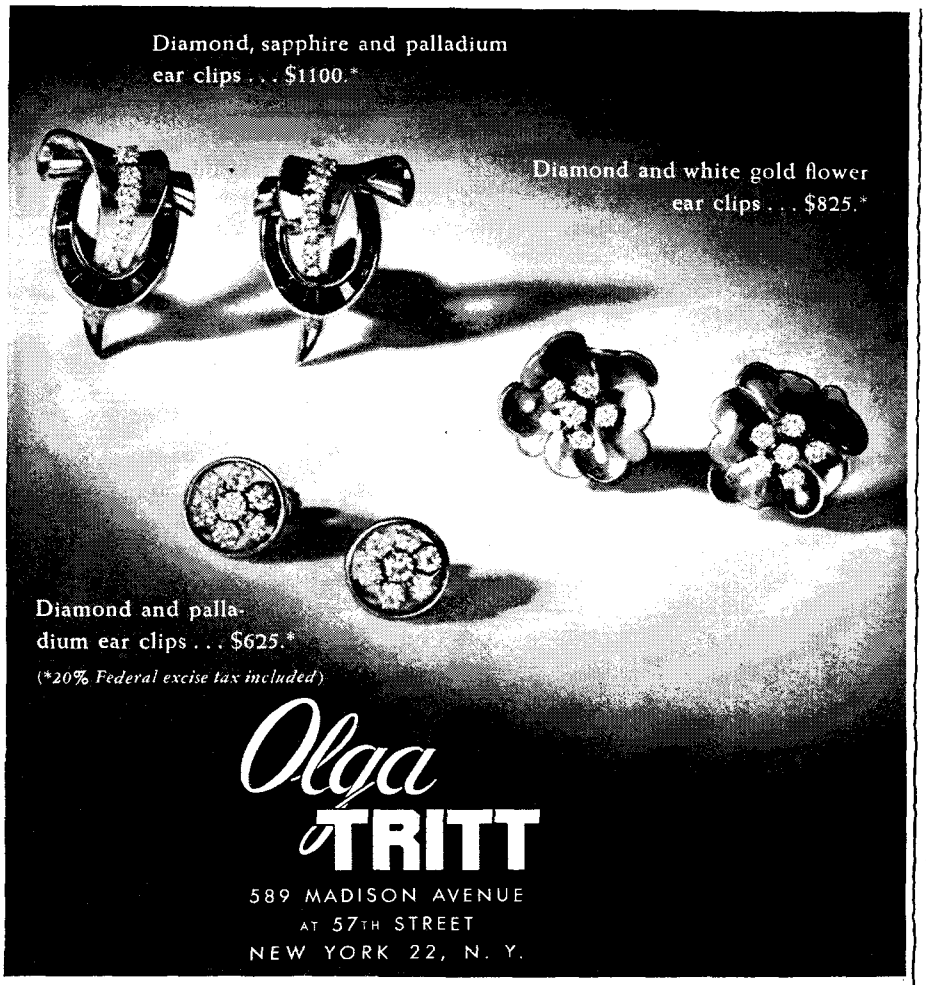
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# OF ALL THINGS

WE are told that the Big Three have finally thought up a good *working formula* for settling the Polish issue. Right now, of course, the Poles themselves are still poles apart.

•

The sponsors of the San Francisco Conference have settled their differences fairly well, but the small nations are far from satisfied. They are not convinced that they should be seen and not heard.

•

The resignation of the Belgian Cabinet shows that a large portion of the population is opposed to Leopold's return. If the King insists upon coming back, he had better bring his own welcome mat.

•

It may now safely be assumed that Joachim von Ribbentrŏp's usefulness has worn out. He seems to have no future either as a wine salesman or as a peddler of duplicity.

•

Newbold Morris, president of the New York City Council, accuses the Republicans of bigotry. He objects to their narrow-minded practice of endorsing only Democrats for places on the Fusion ticket.

•

A Swedish inventor predicts that guns will be obsolete by the time the next war comes around. In the future, rocket-propelled shells are what we shall have instead of butter.

•

The President's appeal for a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission bill is not getting warm support from congressmen of either party. Some statesmen feel that it is bad taste to advocate racial equality except in a campaign year.

•

Leo Durocher of the Brooklyn Dodgers has been arrested on the charge of beating up an abusive customer. Heretofore, Lippy has always been considered an almost fanatical believer in free speech.

•

There is a report that coal will be scarce again next winter and that we will have a chilly time of it. This warning arrived in the middle of a heat wave and was enjoyed by all.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## COLONEL BARANOFF AND THE NEWSPAPER "PM"

EVERY now and then I read that Russian mistrustfulness is lacerating the sensibilities of some contemporary journalist. For example, the Russians approached the San Francisco Conference, it appears, like a small boy who would willingly pick a dime off the sidewalk if he weren't afraid that the coin had just been heated and left there by a practical joker. I feel guilty when I read such a lament, because I fear that I am in part responsible for this Russian attitude. The Russians have long had at least a couple of excuses for being leery of the capitalistic world, such as the press campaign against them that began at the time of the Revolution and has never stopped. However, I sometimes think that I poured into the ebullient brew of Russian feelings about America the last little drop of doubt that made the mixture overflow. It happened late in April, 1943, while I, then a correspondent on the American front in Tunisia, was sharing a tent with a Colonel Baranoff. Baranoff—that is not his name, but it will do—was a correspondent for Tass, the Soviet news agency. He was also a colonel of artillery on the active list of the Soviet Army, which gave him enough rank to impress the hell out of the American and British public-relations officers in the field, who seldom topped major. Not long ago he was put on one of those joint Allied commissions that run countries in the Mediterranean, and since many of his colleagues on the new beat are colonels, he has been upped to major general.

Baranoff had been with the British Eighth Army in Libya for several months before he came over to look at the Americans. I had heard a lot about him when I was in Tripoli earlier that month, but I had never chanced to meet him until he came with us. The British have a system of assigning what they call accompanying officers to correspondents, which in practice often means that the correspondents have to accompany the officers. The Eighth Army correspondents travelled in parties of three newspapermen to one accompanying officer, plus a couple of drivers who doubled as batmen. Each party was also provided by His Majesty's Gov with a couple of lorries equipped with cots and typewriter tables. Eighth Army Public Relations, operating with its customary felicity, had placed Baranoff under the protection of a particularly fluttery ex-member of the Duke of Windsor set. Baranoff, British newspapermen had told me, got a bit of innocent fun out of this situation. Every evening, when his party started to pitch camp, Baranoff would, if any artillery was at all audible, turn to the accompanying officer, who was a baronet, and say something like, "Sir Papa [a form of address of his own devising], that last salvo was not far from us. To the north a little only." Then he would listen again, and after the next salvo he would say, "*That* one was to the south. We are bracketed. On my honor as artillery officer, Sir Papa, next one will land here. Perhaps on the table where you are about to have tea." So the little caravan would pack up and move elsewhere. If Baranoff and the other press men felt lively, he would do this two or three times in an evening, and it cheered everyone, except Sir Papa, immeasurably. On the whole, Baranoff held himself rather apart from his colleagues; only once, they said, had he seemed to feel himself really in rapport. That was during one of the engagements that punctuated the Eighth's long advance from El Alamein to northern Tunisia. A British brigadier had not only failed to get some guns across a wadi but, what was worse, he had reported to his divisional commander that the guns were across when they weren't. This had, of course, balled up ensuing operations. On the following morning some correspondents, including Baranoff, called at the brigade command post to investigate the incident and found that the brigadier was no longer there. "The brigadier!" Baranoff inquired. "Where is he?" "They bowler-hatted him," an officer said, meaning that the brigadier had been relieved of his command—in obsolescent American slang, "handed his hat." "Ah," said Baranoff, smiling with quick comprehension, "I understand. You have shot him." When he learned that they had not shot the brigadier, he looked puzzled, and you could see that he felt he was up against the inscrutable Occident again.

TRIPOLI, early in April of that year, was already several hundred miles behind the front lines; the Eighth Army had pushed west across the desert and then north along the shores of the Gulf of Tunis until it was up around Gabès and Sfax, in Tunisia. Tripoli had supplanted Alexandria as chief supply port for the British forces and was rapidly acquiring the more obvious characteristics of a base: an Army newspaper, theatricals and "flicks," tall, impractical-looking Sudanese sentries wearing green turbans, and swarms of rear-echelon officers competing for the de-luxe quarters. There was actually something to compete for in Tripoli, since the Italian government, fond of operatic magnificence, had built fine houses for even minor colonial officials. All the littlest vermicelli, as well as the biggest macaroni, of the Fascist hierarchy there had departed in a hurry, leaving their *palazzi* ready for the British. The Eighth Army public-relations officer at the base was a captain who wore the shoulder flash and cap insigne of the Grenadier Guards, because as a youth he had served with them for a year in London. He had sensibly preëmpted a villa in the suburbs, a mile or two from the port itself, which still drew occasional bombardments from enemy planes based in Sicily. The villa, although it had housed only a minor Italian official, a street-cleaning superintendent or the secretary of a Fascist club, was impos-

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ing—a long building of Italian-Arab architecture, with two wings of bedrooms separated by a suite of dining and living rooms. The Guardee reserved one wing for himself; he allowed the correspondents, of whom, it is true, there were seldom more than ten or fifteen, to use the other. There was a bathroom in each wing. The one in the captain's wing worked; the one in the correspondents' didn't. While I was there, a band of British correspondents came back from the battle of Wadi el Akarit. One of them had been conked by a piece of a shell and had just spent a few days in a field hospital. They couldn't get a bath. There was a deep artesian well that supplied the villa with water. Another well, nearby, supplied the native Jews and Arabs of the surrounding suburb. Both wells were pumped by stationary engines. The engine that worked the neighborhood well broke down, but the Guardee wouldn't let the Jews and Arabs draw water from the villa well because he didn't like to have them tramping across the lawn. He would lurk among the orange trees on the grounds at dusk, and when he saw little girls sneak up on the well, he would wait until they had filled the gasoline tins they had brought for water and would then rush out and hit them across the backside with his swagger stick. The girls would drop the tins and run away, howling. "If they really needed water, the beggars could draw it from their own well by hand," the captain would say.

In the mornings the captain would sit swilling tea, on the open terrace that ran the length of the villa, until the wasps trying to get at his marmalade became too numerous, which usually happened at about ten o'clock. He didn't try to hit the wasps with his stick, because he was afraid of them. When he had had enough of them, he would take his cap and his stick, blow hard through his nostrils until the ends of his long brown mustache fluffed out, and go off in his motor. It was only a Humber; he was pained that he had not succeeded in pinching an Isotta-Fraschini from a departed Italian. "The chaps who arrive in the first fortnight snaffle everything good," he used to complain. He always was secretive about his morning missions, implying that it would be a breach of censorship to tell us what they were about. One morning I was talking to Major Robb, a Scotch agronomist, at the Tripoli Agricultural Research station, when our captain arrived there on one of these missions, his chest pushing the front of his battle dress, mustaches floating on his breath, "hrrrumph"s rising in his throat, a gruff, manly condescension in his voice. He introduced himself and then tried to cadge an electric fan and a quart of cream. For lunch, a meal that he tried to make the best of the day, because fewer correspondents were at the villa than at breakfast or dinner, the captain would customarily eat a bit of fresh mutton bought at the public market, and then perhaps a treacle tart. The mutton was openly bought, not black-market. Only bread was rationed in Tripoli, since the British argued, reasonably, that the Arabs didn't have money enough to pay for meat and weren't used to it anyway. Replete, the captain would retire to his office, a room in which no correspondents were allowed, and compose letters to his superiors in Cairo asking for more enlisted men and vehicles. He already had sixty-four men when I was there, though he needed no more than five, but he felt that having more men under his command would add to his dignity. He put up the ones he had in a couple of villas across the road, to keep them from getting underfoot.

The captain's solicitude for his dignity reacted disastrously only once while I was in Tripoli. When I arrived, he had a soldier cook who, for the British Army, did quite a decent job. However, the soldier was rated merely as a driver and he had learned cooking by experimenting on correspondents in the field. The captain thought that a man of his consequence should have a graduate of an Army Catering Corps school. Negotiations had been proceeding, I discovered, for months, and a Catering Corps alumnus, a sergeant, arrived on the sixth day of my stay. We expected the correspondents from Wadi el Akarit to come in that evening, and knowing how hungry they inevitably would be for fresh meat, I went to the market and bought eight pounds of lamb chops for the equivalent of nine dollars—not too bad a price, it seems in retrospect. (You would pay that much for one portion in Paris now.) I turned them over to the Catering Corps sergeant and he boiled them, with the fat on, until the meat

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broke down into tiny shreds, which floated about in the greasy water. We drank our lamb chops out of cups—all but Willie Forrest, the fellow who had been hit on the head. He got sick, in the full British sense of the word. By the time I left Tripoli, the captain had started negotiations with Cairo to take the wretched sergeant away. It was a delicate subject because the captain had already raised so much hell with Cairo to get him. It was these boys from Akarit who told me the first yarns I heard about Baranoff.

I WENT up to the Eighth Army front after my stay in Tripoli and spent a few days with the Fourth Indian Division at the beginning of the battle of Enfidaville. Then Lieutenant Colonel Tealeaf Stevens, the public-relations officer of the division, lent me a lorry, with a driver named Whitaker, from Hull, in Yorkshire, to take me back to the American Second Corps. The front by that time was continuous from the Gulf of Tunis to the Mediterranean shore west of Bizerte, and Whitaker and I travelled along back of it, passing through the zones of the Eighth Army and the French Nineteenth Corps and the British First Army before we got up to where the Americans were preparing to jump off. Whitaker was a bearlike, hairy man, and the Desert Army shorts and the shirt open at the neck made the hairiness conspicuous. He had high cheekbones and narrow eyes. Both his parents, he told me, were Polish, but he had been born and reared in Hull; Whitaker was an Anglicized approximation of the Polish family name. He had been out in Africa for three years and had attained the rank of corporal. He was also one of the most accomplished foragers I have ever met in any army. When he wanted eggs, which we boiled hard and carried with us as a supplement to our rations, he would stop the lorry, even in an apparently uninhabited waste, and, standing on the running board, hold out some tea leaves on the upraised palm of his right hand. Then he would shout, "Eggis! Eggis!," a word which he fondly believed was Arabic for eggs. (The tea leaves were a special product. They had already been boiled out when he was making tea for his own use—he liked his tea strong—and then had been dried in the sun so that they could be used for barter.) Instantly dozens of Arabs would appear with eggs, and Whitaker always got as many as he wanted.

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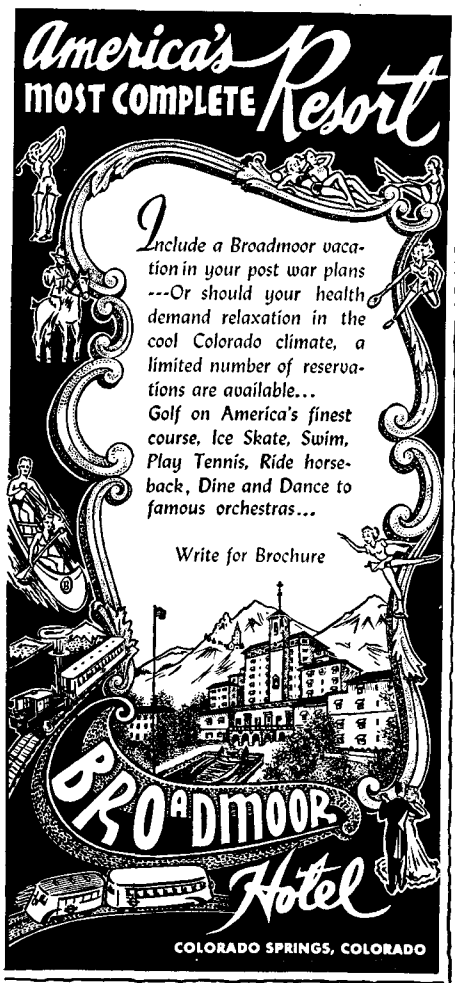
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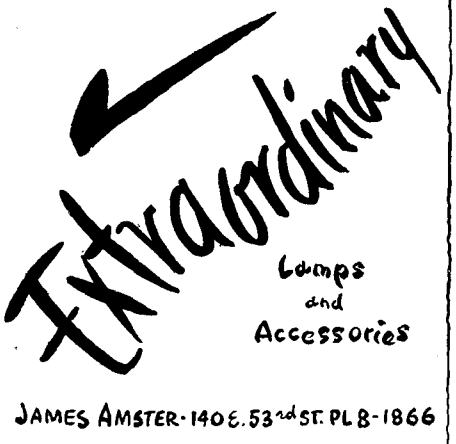


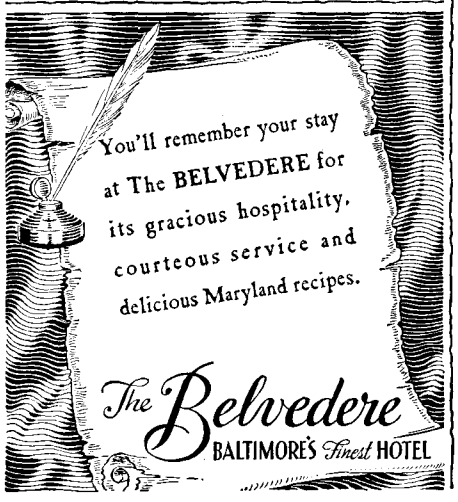
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curred on our journey was a miracle. When we started out, there was hardly a drop of liquor left in the entire Eighth Army area. British officers were entitled to buy a certain amount of spirits from the N.A.A.F.I. (Navy, Army, and Air Force Institute), an organization maintaining stores like our Army Post Exchanges, and there were N.A.A.F.I. shops, under canvas, scattered all the way from Cairo to Enfidaville. But the stocks of liquor west of Tripoli were exhausted. So Whitaker's chief had provided him with a couple of thousand francs and ordered him to keep an eye open for French farmers who might have brandy or, failing that, wine, to sell, which he could take back to the chief. Whitaker and I drove some three hundred miles without traversing any wine-growing country. Then, as we approached a road intersection behind the extreme left flank of the British First Army, only a couple of miles short of the American zone (where we could be *sure* there would be nothing to drink), the motor stopped. This it had done once before—on a road under mortar fire, near Enfidaville—and Whitaker and I had had to get out and push. This second time, Whitaker fiddled with all the buttons and levers within reach, then muttered something about "bloody water in the bloody petrol line," and got out to have a look under the lorry, taking some tools with him. He stayed there for a couple of disgusted minutes, crawled out from under, probably to get more tools, looked at a low, mud-walled Arab granary by the side of the road, and stood transfixed, pointing at a paper placard over the granary door. The placard said, "N.A.A.F.I." Whitaker said, "Fate works in mysterious ways." Watching his face, I could see him size up the situation. "They be First Army," he said. "Happen they'll have liquor. They get it through those Algerian ports." Whitaker's desert shorts and the lorry, with its sand-colored camouflage, marked him as one of the Desert Heroes that people at home in England had been reading about. The First Army had not come out until 1942, and this part of the First Army was so far from the Eighth that it was possible the N.A.A.F.I. clerks had never seen a Desert Hero. Whitaker was from outside the territory that the First Army N.A.A.F.I. was supposed to supply, but the clerks might give him a break. "I'll have a try," he said, wiping some extra dirt across his face with the hand that he had had in the machinery while he was beneath the car. "I'll tell them that we're dying of thirst, *all* of us." He went into the granary and came out in a couple of minutes, grinning. "It worked," he said. "The sergeant told me to fill out a requisition for the total number of officers and men we've got in our unit. They don't give much for each one, of course." He took a well-chewed pencil stub from the breast pocket of his shirt, chewed on it some more, and said, "There's just four officers and eleven men, to be truthful. But we have sixteen other officers at Cairo, and about seventy-eight men." I could sense, when he got to the "about seventy-eight," that he was beginning to improvise. Then he said, "And we have hundreds more at Calcutta. Do you think it would be wrong to draw for them?" I reminded him that he had just one lorry, so he compromised by adding only the Cairo lot to his own group. He got seven bottles of Scotch, four of gin, and some beer. One of the pale, lately-from-England soldiers in the N.A.A.F.I. store carried it to the lorry for him. When Whitaker got back into the driver's seat, the motor started instantly. Neither of us was able to figure it out.

THE American press camp, which we found after a bit of trouble, was on top of a narrow, pine-covered ridge near a town called Béja. It was all tents, ranged in single file along the crest of the ridge. The trees afforded pretty good cover, but, as we were soon to find out, there wasn't much need for it, because the German air force in Africa was by then almost non-existent. There was a large cook tent and an even larger tent that served as a mess and newsroom. The correspondents lived in small wall tents so well provided with blackout flaps that you could burn an electric light inside them at night. A mobile generating plant supplied the power. Each tent was big enough for only two men. When I reached camp, there was just one vacancy, and that was in the tent occupied by Colonel Baranoff, who had arrived a few days before. He came home that evening after supper. He had eaten at the First Division headquarters, which he had been visiting. Our artillery particularly interested him; it is an arm well developed in both the American and Russian Armies. He had a set speech he used whenever he was presented to a divisional commander. He would say, "How do you do, sir? You have a magnificent army here. You are teaching your teachers. You should begin immediately a Second Front. You have nothing to fear."

Baranoff was a straight, slender man

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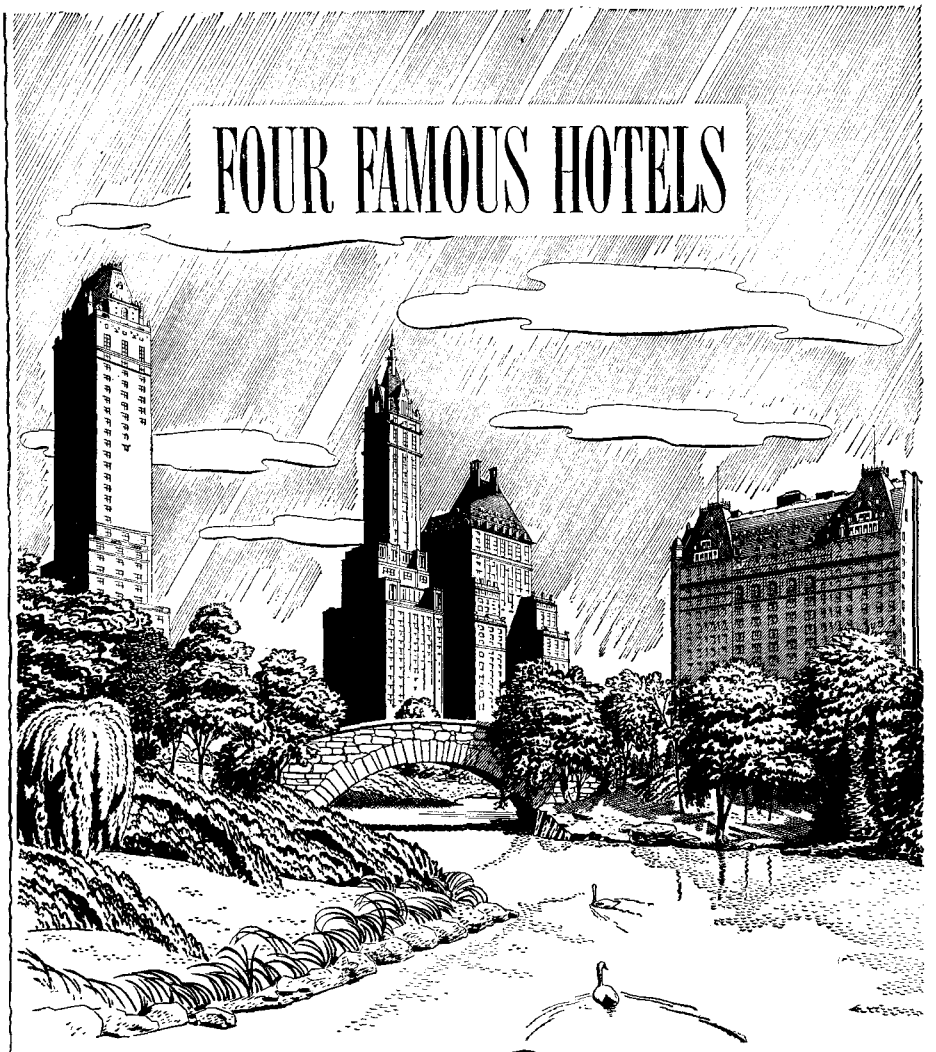
in his early thirties. He had fair hair, cut very short, a narrow, blond mustache, two gold teeth in the front of his mouth, and a precise, almost staccato manner, as if the first phrase he had learned in English was "Count off!" He was not undersized, as W. L. White says Russian officers are, or oversized, like Feodor Chaliapin or the late Grand Duke Nicholas or a wrestler I used to know named Matros Kyrilenko, all of whom grew up before reading Mr. White's book. I would say that Baranoff was a legitimate welterweight. Senior residents of the camp had cots, but there weren't enough to go around, so I slept on the floor that night. But I knew that a lieutenant in the camp was going to Algiers the next day, and that meant he would have to get up before dawn to drive out to the nearest airfield. I arose early, stumbled around to the lieutenant's tent, and came back to my tent with the cot before any of the other cotless correspondents were awake. When Baranoff opened his eyes and saw me, across the tent, in the cot, my head on the same level with his, he grinned. "Very good capture," he said. "Example of primary acquisition."

It was hard to think of things to talk to Baranoff about. When you asked him about anything Russian—the Soviet air force, for instance—he just said it was wonderful and stopped. You felt that you offended him a little by inquiring, as you would by asking a waiter at a good restaurant if the fish was fresh. The press camp had been in one place for ten days, which was unusual, and quite a lot of mail, including several bales of newspapers, had caught up with the fellows there. There were about twenty copies of The Newspaper *PM*, in sequence, dating, as I recall, from February. I thought Baranoff might like something to read, so one night, after the camp poker game broke up, I carried half a dozen copies of The Newspaper *PM* back to our tent with me. Baranoff was a light sleeper. He woke when I came in.

"Turn on the light!" he said. "It is O.K."

I said, "I have some copies of one of our more liberal New York newspapers here. I thought you might like to read them. It might help you to understand what people at home are thinking about Russia." I hoped he would never see a copy of the *News*.

"Oh yes," Baranoff said. "Thank you. How interesting! I will look." He took The Newspapers *PM* from my hand and looked at the top one. He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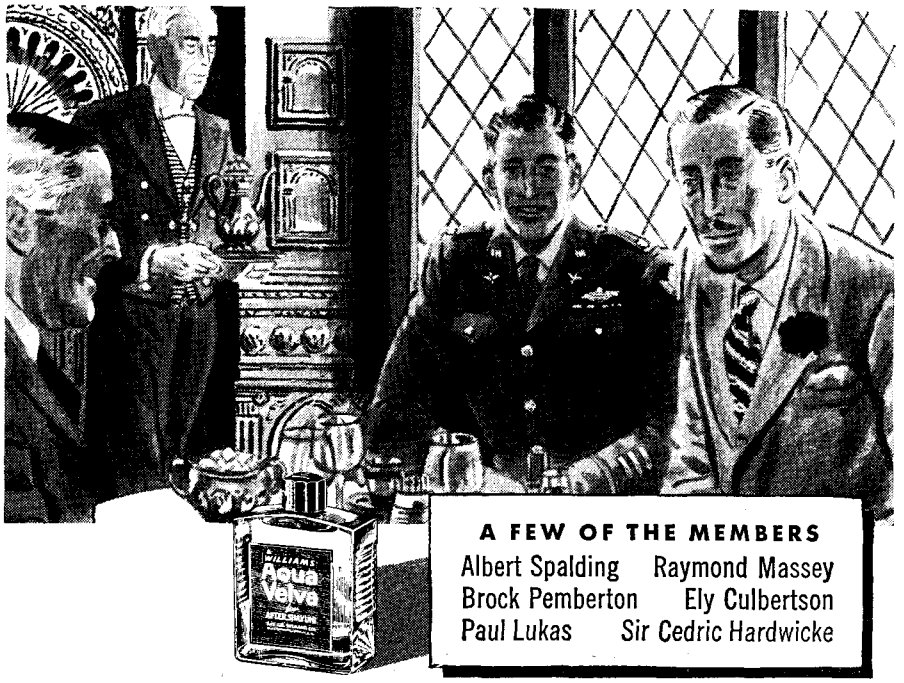


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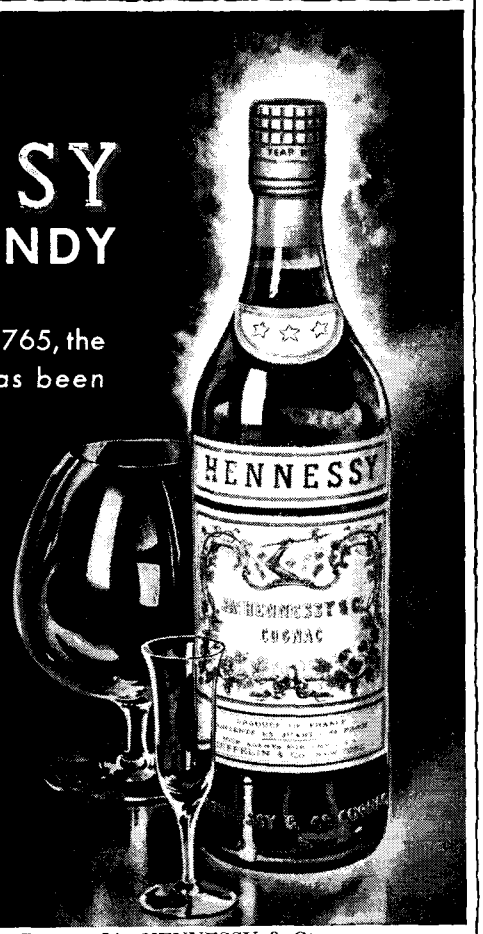


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glanced at it casually, and then turned over on his stomach, holding the newspaper close to his eyes. He was silent for several minutes. "It is a series of articles entitled 'Foes of the Soviet Union in America,'" he said after a while, in explanation of his silence. "It appears that your State Department is honeycombed with them. What a fine expression! How interesting! Also the universities and labor unions. The banks, of course—that was to be expected!"

And when I fell asleep he was still reading.

For a couple of nights after that, I got no conversation out of Baranoff at all, because he was always reading The Newspaper *PM*. "How interesting!" he would say now and then. "I had no idea we have so many enemies." I looked at a couple of the papers one afternoon when he wasn't in and found just one of the usual series about Fascists and reactionaries that named a fairly large percentage of people in the telephone book. But it was no use trying to tell Baranoff. "How interesting!" I would hear him say. "How interesting!" Then I would fall asleep. "These people they talk about," I once ventured, "of course, they may really be enemies of Russia, but they don't represent the Administration's views."

"No?" asked Baranoff. I decided that he was trying to figure out why, in that case, the Administration didn't shoot them. "How interesting!" he finally said, and I could see that he was not convinced.

Then came a day when I went jeep-riding over what seemed most of northern Tunisia, getting in and out of the machine a score of times to scramble up to observation posts. I had with me an old gold Waltham watch that had belonged to my father. This was foolish, because I had no pocket to put it in that it couldn't slide out of. When I got back to camp that evening, I became aware that the watch was missing. I had had it in the pocket of my field jacket. I searched the back of the jeep, where I had been sitting, but it was no good. I was annoyed, because my father's mother had given him the watch when he was twenty-one years old, and he had always bragged that he had never dropped it hard enough to break the glass, and he had been accustomed to say that I lost everything. Now, although he couldn't say "I told you so," because he had been dead six years, I *had* lost it, and it made me angry. When I returned to the tent, I said to Baranoff, "I had tough luck to-

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day. I lost my watch." I washed up and went to the mess. When I came back, he was lying on the dirt floor, looking under my cot. "What are you looking for?" I asked him.

"I look for your watch," he said.

"But I know I didn't leave it in the tent," I said. "I lost it getting in or out of the jeep, on the road."

"How can you be sure?" he said. "I do not like such things should happen when I am sharing the tent with you, you know. Have you looked in your bedding roll? Perhaps it is there. I will look."

It was then it occurred to me that he might think I suspected him of stealing my watch. You can't say to a man, "I know you didn't take my watch" or "I don't suspect you for even a minute," because that would be an admission that you had considered the possibility. And he couldn't conceivably have taken it, of course; I was frightened by the notion that he might consider me capable of suspecting him. "I know I had the watch with me at an O.P. this afternoon," I said. "I looked at it several times." Baranoff did not seem impressed, and I thought, "Maybe he believes I'm framing him. He has probably seen a movie in which an agent of a foreign power falsely accuses a Soviet officer of theft." Baranoff said nothing more then, but he looked unhappy. I thought he might visualize himself as an Inter-Allied Dreyfus. I could imagine a montage of headlines flashing past behind Baranoff's eyelids: "Soviet Officer Steals Watch," "Soviet Officer Falsely Accused of Stealing Watch," "Red Army Man Denounced by Propaganda Liar," "*PM* Unveils Another Anti-Soviet Plot." I tried to be especially cordial to him in order to show him that the watch was a bagatelle, already forgotten. As I fell asleep, he was again reading The Newspaper *PM*—probably an account of how evidence had been faked against some labor leader in a Southern state. I wished I had never seen the watch or that I had left it in a safe-deposit vault in New York.

When I went into the news tent for breakfast next morning, one of the soldiers who worked in the cook shack came to tell me about the second miracle figuring in this rather brief narrative. An Arab had found my watch in the dust where I had dismounted from the jeep the night before at the camp, right at the foot of the hill the camp was on. He was one of the Arabs who helped with K.P. in return for scraps of food, and he had been either

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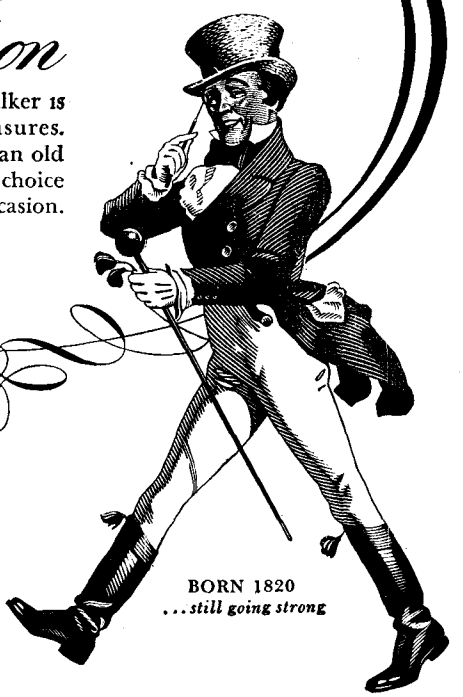

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honest (a fantastic hypothesis), or too unsophisticated to know how to dispose of a watch, or afraid that if the French gendarmerie found him with it they would shoot him. The odds against a Tunisian Arab's returning a gold watch are, I suppose, about equal to those against my now picking the winner of the 1955 Kentucky Derby. "We knew it was your watch," the soldier waiter said to me, "because you been hollering your head off, and besides it has your name inside the case. The Arab is out in the kitchen now." I went to the kitchen, got my watch, and gave the Arab two hundred francs, which was four dollars. That was as much as he could have earned in four weeks on a road gang, so he was pleased. I didn't bother about breakfast, although I was hungry. I jogged right back to my tent, with the watch in my hand. Baranoff was sitting on his cot, looking at the floor. "Hey, I found my watch!" I said. "An Arab found it. I was getting out of a jeep—" Baranoff sprang up. He was obviously a man discharged of a heavy load. The two gold teeth flashed like the headlights on a two-and-a-half-ton truck coming against you at night. He placed his hands on my shoulders and looked at me with emotion. "Colleague!" he cried. "How glad I am to hear this! How happy I am that you have found your watch!"

After Colonel Baranoff had left the camp for the day to make his speech about the second front to another general, I hurriedly gathered all the copies of The Newspaper *PM*, took them out in a field, and burned them. In the evening, I told Baranoff that their owner had insisted on having them back. I said that the owner had been one of two correspondents who had left camp that day to go over to the British zone.

"I am very sorry," Colonel Baranoff said, "but fortunately I have taken interesting notes. Documentation, I think is the correct word. Few people, even among the highest Soviet officials, have an *idea* what goes on in America. They should read The Newspaper *PM*."

—A. J. Liebling

•

### WHICH PAGE OF "VOGUE" D'YA READ?

A tinkling, tip-tilt tune ["I've Told Every Little Star"], Kern said he cribbed it from a bird singing outside his Nantucket window.—*Vogue, February 1, 1945, page 156.*

Jerry got the melodic theme of "I've Told Every Little Star" from a bird. He swears it! He heard a finch outside his window in Bronxville singing the first line.—*Vogue, same issue, page 166.*

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# YOU GET ALL TURNED AROUND SOMETIMES

WHEN summer comes and the city grows stifling, I like to go for a weekend and a breath of air to Mrs. Clancy's at Rockaway Point, or "Pint," as the natives call that little Hibernian paradise. It's a fairly easy place to reach, or was in normal times. You take a Brighton Beach express and get off at Sheepshead Bay, then take a taxi across town and get on the little boat near Lundy's. In twenty minutes you are at Rockaway Point Casino, and from there it's only a five-minute walk to Mrs. Clancy's. There I can always find a room waiting for me, the curtains floating gently in a breeze from the ocean, a bed with its spread of green rayon satin, a crucifix hanging above it.

On Saturday nights I usually go to the Casino to watch the handsome Irish boys and girls dancing the Lindy Hop and the family parties with their pitchers of beer. Sunday mornings I have my breakfast out in Mrs. Clancy's back yard, where the little lawn slopes off to marsh grass and sand and the sea. After breakfast I move to the front porch, which looks out on a tiny yard where there is an old rowboat filled with earth and planted with purple petunias, and a little path outlined with clam-shells tinted pink and blue. There I can watch the people going to mass in the white frame church opposite: the mothers tripping on their high heels and with veils floating from their hats, the freckle-faced boys with their Eton collars and blue serge jackets, the little girls, in their leghorn hats with black velvet streamers, stepping along carefully in their white socks and patent-leather slippers and decorously carrying prayer books clasped in their white-cotton-gloved hands.

A place of unadulterated Celtic joy is Rockaway Point, and, as I said, it is not difficult to get there. I know the way well.

AT least, I thought I did until one day last summer when I was taking a friend down with me for a weekend. We had just come onto the street from the subway at Sheepshead Bay and were trying to get a cab to go across town to the boat, but what cabs there were were grabbed by people fleeter of foot than either of us. Finally a red bus lumbered up. A swarthy woman in a black-and-white checked gingham dress and a red turban, her arms full of bundles, stood at the curb and hailed it.

"Please," I asked her, "will this take us to the boat?"

She grinned a grin full of gold teeth and good will. "*Si*," she said. "*Si, si.* Just follow me. You get all turned around sometimes."

She was one of "them Eyetalians" whose presence in Rockaway Point is greatly deplored by Mrs. Clancy and her neighbors, the Finnegans, the Hannegans, the Rileys, and all the others of the pure emerald strain. There are only a few Italian families; they live in a cluster of stucco cottages near the beach, where their grape arbors, plaster cupids, and spaghetti smells emphasize the fact that they simply don't belong. "We niver speaks to them," says Mrs. Clancy.

Our Eyetalian was rapidly becoming our friend. As the bus rocked toward the bay, she kept watching my friend and me with a warm, protective smile. When the bus drew up at the boat landing, she motioned to us as she got off. "Here," she said. "You get off here."

She pointed to the ticket office. "Now you pay a-here. Come back Sunday?" she said.

We nodded. "Then better de round trip," she said.

On the boat, as it slapped briskly over the waves in the sunshine, our friend kept talking to us, pointing out things of interest, like the Manhattan Beach Training Station and the big fishing boats. She had taken us under her wing. It would have been dreadful to admit that we had ever been here before. Our query about the bus had made her assume we were strangers.

As the boat neared Rockaway Point landing, she asked where we were headed. When we told her, she said, "Now you follow me. You get all turned around sometimes. I'll direct you to Mrs. Clancy's on Ocean Spray Avenue. Too bad I have to go toward Breezy."

As we got off, she spied a little boy she evidently knew and told him to show us the way to Mrs. Clancy's. "I tell you the true," she said. "He can

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*Vermouth*

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take you right to Ocean Spray. You might get all turned around."

So, trying to manifest total bewilderment, we followed the little boy down the cement walk along which I had been a hundred times before, toward Mrs. Clancy's. "Look me up sometime!" our guide called after us. "I'm Mrs. Nicola!" Wearing a beatific smile, she stood watching us and the boy to see that we took the right turn. Her gold-toothed benevolence was touching.

THAT was way back last summer and I'd almost forgotten about it. But it all came back to me last week.

I was over on Second Avenue in the Forties, enjoying the rare sunshine and looking into the windows of the antique stores there. I began assembling a pink room in my mind from the window before me. I would have those round, ice-cream-pink glass shades that once were used on gas chandeliers and would set pots of ivy in them. I would have those two pink glass bowls with the wide, fluted edges on my coffee table, filled with freesias. I would have the two little fan-shaped pink vases on my marble mantel, with violets in them. I would have the rug with the faded pink flowers in front of my gilt fire screen.

It would be nice, but I couldn't do it now. I moved on to the next window, less pink but still diverting—a pair of light-blue satin slippers with pointed toes and worn French heels, a set of plates hand-painted in a design of red lobsters, a tarnished cornet, a painting of a pink-cheeked child asleep on a dog's neck.

Bemused by it all, when I finally turned west toward Murray Hill, I thought I had been on Second Avenue and that the next street I came to was Third. But it was really Lexington. You know how that is?

I crossed the avenue and down the block saw a bus-stop sign. A bus on Third Avenue? That seemed strange to me, very strange. I was looking around, trying to get my bearings, when I saw a neat, dark little woman in a smart purple suit and cloche. She looked like a Latin—Spanish, perhaps, I thought.

"Do you know where these buses go?" I asked her.

She turned politely. I should never have spoken, for I saw coming over her face a familiar, kindly look. I had never seen the woman before in my life, but where had I seen that benevolent look? Then I remembered—last summer at Sheepshead, on the countenance of Mrs. Nicola.

"Stranger here?" she asked.

"Er—" I began. I was going to try to explain that I had been momentarily confused, but that I now recognized Lexington for what it was and knew exactly where the buses went. But I hesitated too long. I was lost.

"I'll show you," she said. "I think it's the worst thing trying to get around New York in these crowds nowadays. And when you're a stranger . . ."

In this mutual misunderstanding, beyond me now to clarify, we set off down the avenue toward the bus stop.

"Have you a nickel?" she said. "This is a pay-as-you-enter and it sways dreadfully. And if you have your fare ready, it always helps."

Dutifully I fumbled in my purse and found a nickel and in the process managed to spill my lipstick and compact onto the sidewalk.

"Oh, too bad," the woman said, stooping to pick them up. "I know how you feel—all nerves when you're in a strange city." She handed them to me. "Where are you from?" she asked.

Here was the moment. I was in for it. "Chi—Chicago," I said. I hadn't lived in Chicago for ten years.

She stopped short and looked at me with dark, shining eyes. "Chicago!" she said. "Oh, I've had such grand times out there!" She clutched my arm. "When you get back, you must go out to the Edgewater Beach Hotel and ask for Mrs. Martinez. Tell her you met her granddaughter, Mrs. Flores. Give her my love."

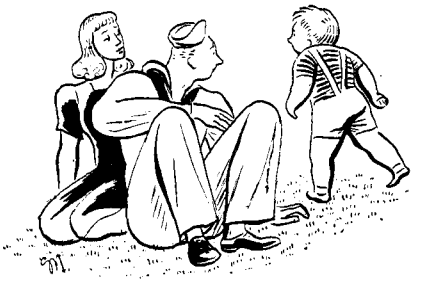
I said faintly that of course I would. I was beginning to feel that I *should* go to Chicago and give her love to her grandmother. That was the least I could do.

"It's a wonderful town," she said. "The lake—it's as beautiful as the ocean, I think. To walk along the edge of it reminds me of the Malecón."

Cuban. So that explained her Spanish looks.

"We're from Havana, my family," she said.

I said that was nice—I loved Havana. And, feeling on slightly firmer



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ground, I alluded lightly to Sloppy Joe's, the Dos Hermanos Café. But she was not to be diverted. Chicago was her subject and she brought me back to it firmly. "Do the people like the new subway?" she asked. I stammered something, and we came up, thank heaven, to the bus stop.

"Now," she said, "here you are. I forgot to ask you your destination."

I told her East Tenth Street and she pondered. "This bus will take you," she said. "Just tell them to put you off at Wanamaker's."

I thanked her, signalled to a bus as it came along, and got in. On her young, dark face was that embarrassingly warm, protective, friendly look—Mrs. Nicola's.

"Goodbye!" she called. "Don't get lost now!"

The bus rattled away. At the next stop a young woman struggled into the seat beside me. She was carrying a straw suitcase with one hand and held a very young baby on the other arm. She turned to me shyly.

"Do you know whether this bus will get me to Fourteenth Street?" she asked. "Or are you a stranger here, too?"

"Oh, no," I said hastily. "A stranger? No, indeed. Heaven forbid!"

She looked rather startled. It wasn't until I saw everyone staring that I realized I was shouting in an apprehensive voice.

—Henrietta Fort Holland

•

Stallion Road, by Stephen Longstreet (Julian Messner). A slick and horsey yarn about improving range breeds and a visitation of anthrax which the Longstreet fiction factory has spiced with sex.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

That's *one* way to meet anthrax.

•

C. E. Murray's yacht was driven bowsprit on into a bedroom of the Henry L. McVickar house at Edgartown. Sven Carlson, caretaker for the McVickars, told Mr. Murray he did not think Mrs. McVickar would like this very well.—*Martha's Vineyard (Mass.) Gazette.*

Still, you never can tell about women.

•

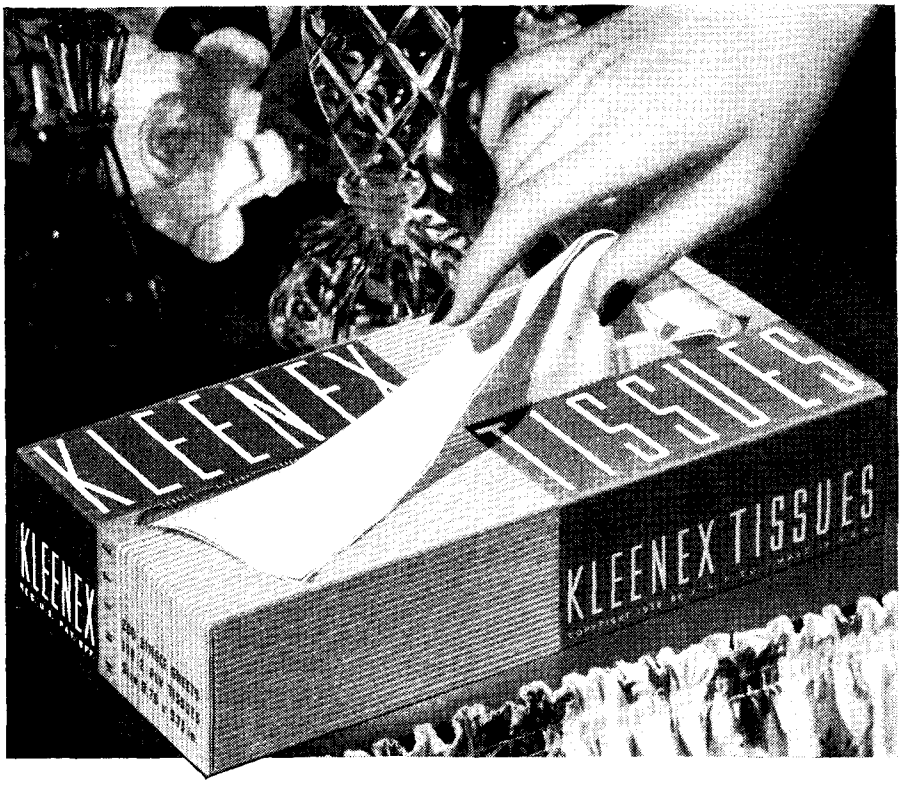
**MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK**

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

Grand Island, Neb. (AP)—Jess Blodgett always addresses the elevator operator at the Yancey Hotel as "Governor." The other day he walked into the elevator and gave his usual greeting, "Hello, Governor."

A special process keeps Kleenex

# Luxuriously Soft – Dependably Strong




Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!

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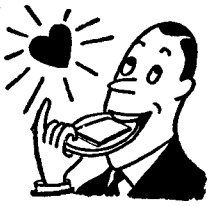
## *How we'd improve on television*

THE television set we've thought of designing would look pretty much like anybody else's. Except . . .

Over at one side there'd be a small door. And *what* a door! Here's how it would work . . .

You dial your favorite program, sit down in your favorite chair. Then precisely at 11:15, or whatever hour you set it for, the door opens. Out comes a frosty glass of beer, slices of pumpernickel, and that triumph of cheese-making—Liederkranz!

You spread the pumpernickel with Liederkranz—its tender crust and creamy center both together! You close your eyes. You bite down lovingly and let your teeth sink in up to their ankles. You slide that glorious mellow-goodness back on your quivering palate . . . let it sit there, like a rocking chair, and melt a moment.



Let the golden deliciousness slide down your grateful throat. Then take a sip of beer. Then another bite of Liederkranz.

Isn't television a great invention!

***LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE**

***One of Borden's Fine Cheeses***

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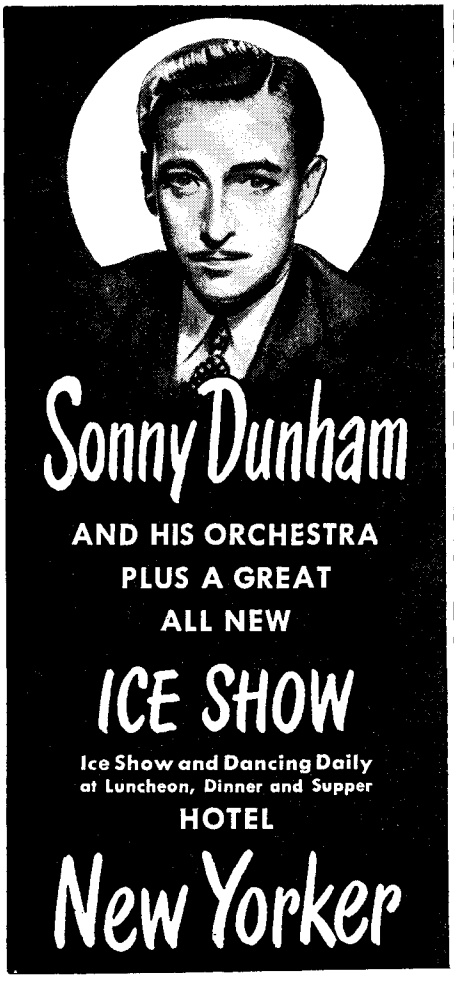
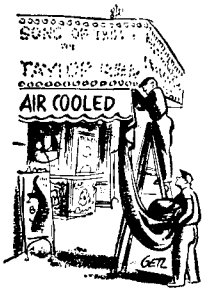




# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Family Portrait*

AS everybody knows, very few stage plays arrive intact in spirit on the screen, there being a voice that whispers low in almost every producer's ear that, like God, he has certain advantages and ought to make the most of them. By some miracle of discretion, however, "Junior Miss," which began as a series by Sally Benson in this fortunate magazine and was then very pleasantly and sensibly rearranged for the theatre by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, has been made into one of the season's most attractive pictures, with almost no attempt to improve on the original. Inevitably, there were a few times when habit or convention proved too strong, and characteristic Hollywood grace notes were added. The very moving scene, for instance, when the thirteen-year-old heroine privately hugs a doll she has been coldly superior about in public might have been better off without celestial music in the background, and the transformation of a prim young woman into a considerable beauty by removing her glasses is surely enough without also revealing her as a figure skater ranking not far behind Miss Sonja Henie.




On the whole, however, Mrs. Benson's central characters are just as enchanting as they ever were—Mr. and Mrs. Graves, who live dangerously but amiably in the special chaos provided for them by their two daughters; Lois, the elder daughter, known to her sister with some sardonic emphasis as *lovely* Lois, whose suitors are thick as locusts around the door; and little Judy, who, with the assistance of her most intimate friend, Fuffy, does her spirited best to arrange life more nearly in the image of the cinema. The cast is admirable throughout, and Peggy Ann Garner, a solemn, touching child, is even more than that.

THOUGH not conspicuously gifted with foresight, I could have told anybody who cared to listen the whole plot of "Conflict," a very minor Bogart item, about fifteen minutes after it got started. Deprived of suspense, its only rational excuse for existing, the picture is no more than a rather arresting specimen of how childishly a scenarist can write and still get his two thousand dollars a week, and how badly an excellent actor can look when asked to do nothing for approximately ninety minutes but maintain an expression of sullen imbecility.

"Conflict" is one of those melodramas, hopefully described as "psychological," in which the guilty man is known from the outset and the audience is asked only to observe how cunningly he is led to betray himself by a gentle old professor who once studied under Freud in Vienna. In this case, Mr. Bogart is impelled to murder his wife and throw her body over a cliff, partly because he is in love with her sister and partly because she is always badgering him about leaving his underwear around the bedroom. He is broken down by an elaborate conspiracy involving practically everybody else in the cast and containing more inane, though educated, conversation than you are likely to encounter outside of a comedy by Frederick Lonsdale. At one point, the venerable witch doctor, played by Sydney Greenstreet, observes darkly that thought can be a malignant growth. He needn't have worried. There were no symptoms of it on the screen.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT: My conscientious helper went off in the heat to look at a dog picture called "Son of Lassie," apparently a sequel to something or other. Her damp and irritable notes say that it is about a collie and his experiences in the war. "Everybody says this dog is stupid," she writes, "just because he flunks his military training, preferring to go through fences rather than over them and not caring particularly about being shot at. The fact remains, however, that he can identify the sound of his master's plane long before the trained spotters and also seems to be able to understand Norwegian, at least over the underground radio." She also reports that if it hadn't been for his pet's persistent devotion, the hero would have escaped from the Nazis much more quickly and in far better shape. . . . My own Sherlock Holmes expert gave up a quiet afternoon with his comic magazines to attend "The Woman in Green." As far as he can tell, it is some of "The Final Problem" and some of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," only kind of backwards. He liked it all right, though.

—W. G.

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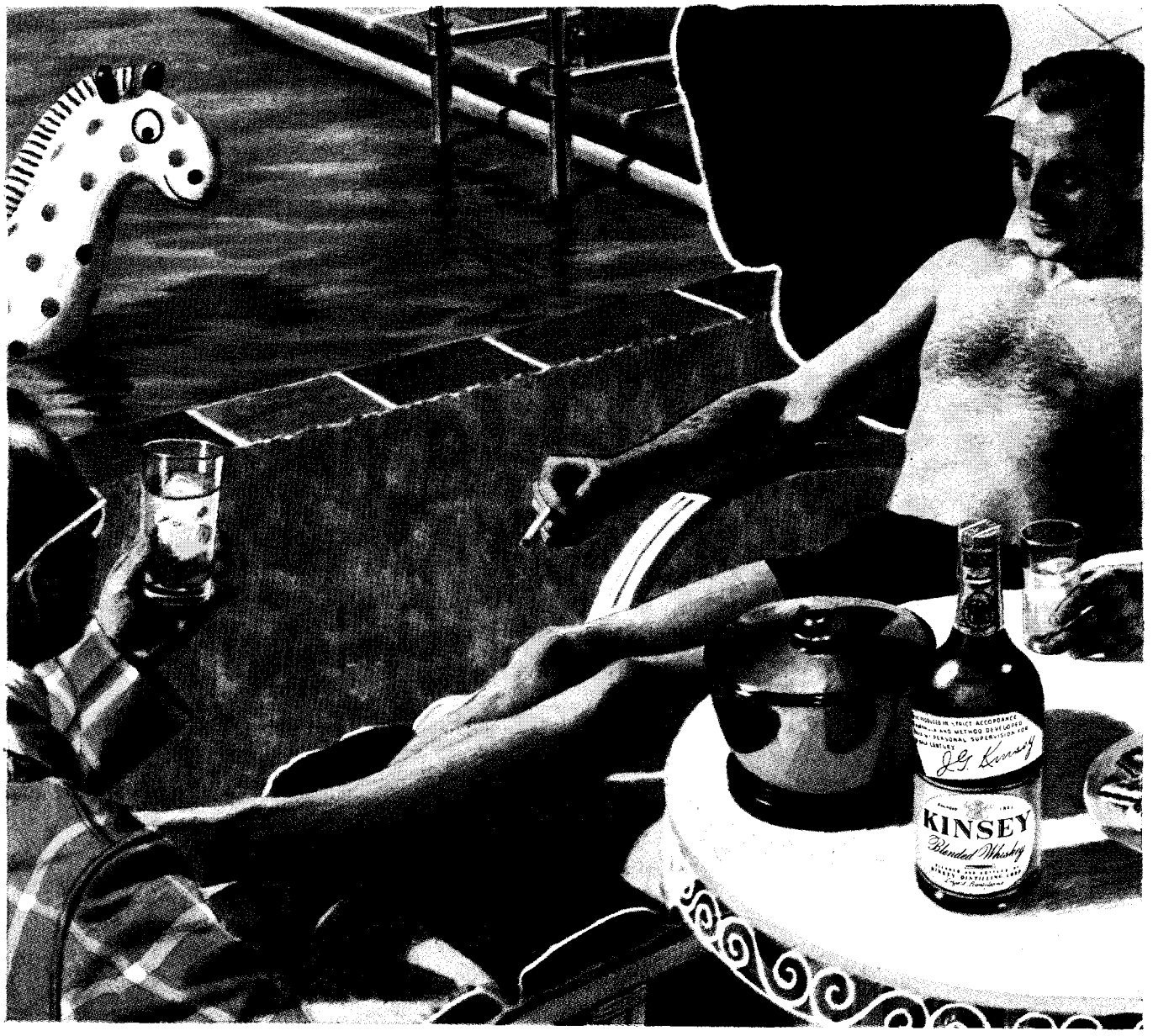


# Interview with a War Correspondent

**JIM:** If my editor could see me now, he'd write a sweet caption to *this* scene: FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENT LOAFS WHILE BATTLES RAGE.

**BILL:** Listen . . . now that you're home, you're entitled to forget the headlines and deadlines for a while.

**JIM:** That's just it . . . anyone who has *seen* the war can't forget it. I know people here at home have done a lot to help win the war, but if they'd *felt* the war for even a minute, they'd do even more.

**BILL:** Like what, Jim?

**JIM:** Well, they'd dig down deep and buy that *extra* War Bond. They'd donate blood to the Red Cross regularly. They'd help keep prices down by buying only what they really need. They'd *hunt* for that mighty important war job. They'd . . . oh, well, I didn't mean to gripe.

**BILL:** I guess a lot of us are inclined to get a little tired of the war. If we'd *sacrifice* more, we'd appreciate more keenly the pleasures we still have.

**JIM:** You can say *that* again! I know *I'll* never take enjoyment like this for granted any more—a swim in clean water . . . a few quiet, unhurried moments . . . a fine highball.

**BILL:** This Kinsey *is* smooth, isn't it? Nice and mellow . . . a grand drink.

**JIM:** Sure is. You know, I don't think the boys begrudge good living to us at home. But they'd like to feel that everybody is giving that *extra ounce* of effort.

**BILL:** Well, here's hoping everybody puts in that extra effort . . . so the boys can get home sooner and enjoy the good things they've missed.

**JIM:** I'll drink to *that!*

# KINSEY

## the unhurried WHISKEY

*Blended with "know-how" since 1892*

*Blended Whiskey • 86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits • Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.*

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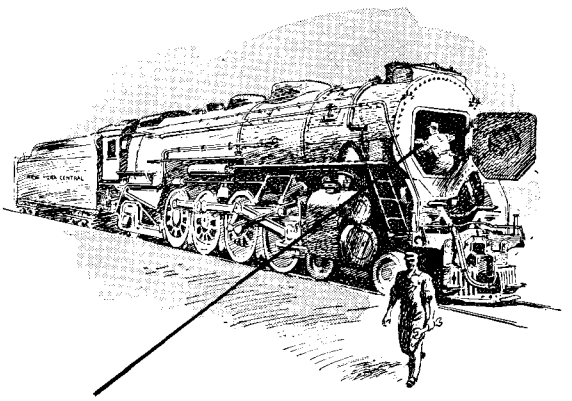
# They keep a SUPER SERVICE STATION for New York Central Locomotives



THE run ends. Engineer and fireman climb down from the cab, and a "hostler" takes over. Under his expert hand, 350 tons of pulsing steel move obediently off to the roundhouse... that super-service station for locomotives.

Here, mechanics, electricians, pipefitters, specialists in many crafts work day and night... inspecting, repairing, lubricating and adjusting the mighty steel giants of New York Central's motive power fleet.

Today, with modern machines and electrical aids, they're cutting hours from maintenance time... keeping engines longer on the job to move the vast war traffic. And tomorrow, roundhouse teams will apply their war-born efficiency to servicing the still finer locomotives now taking shape in the designing rooms of New York Central.

### Looking "Under the Hood"

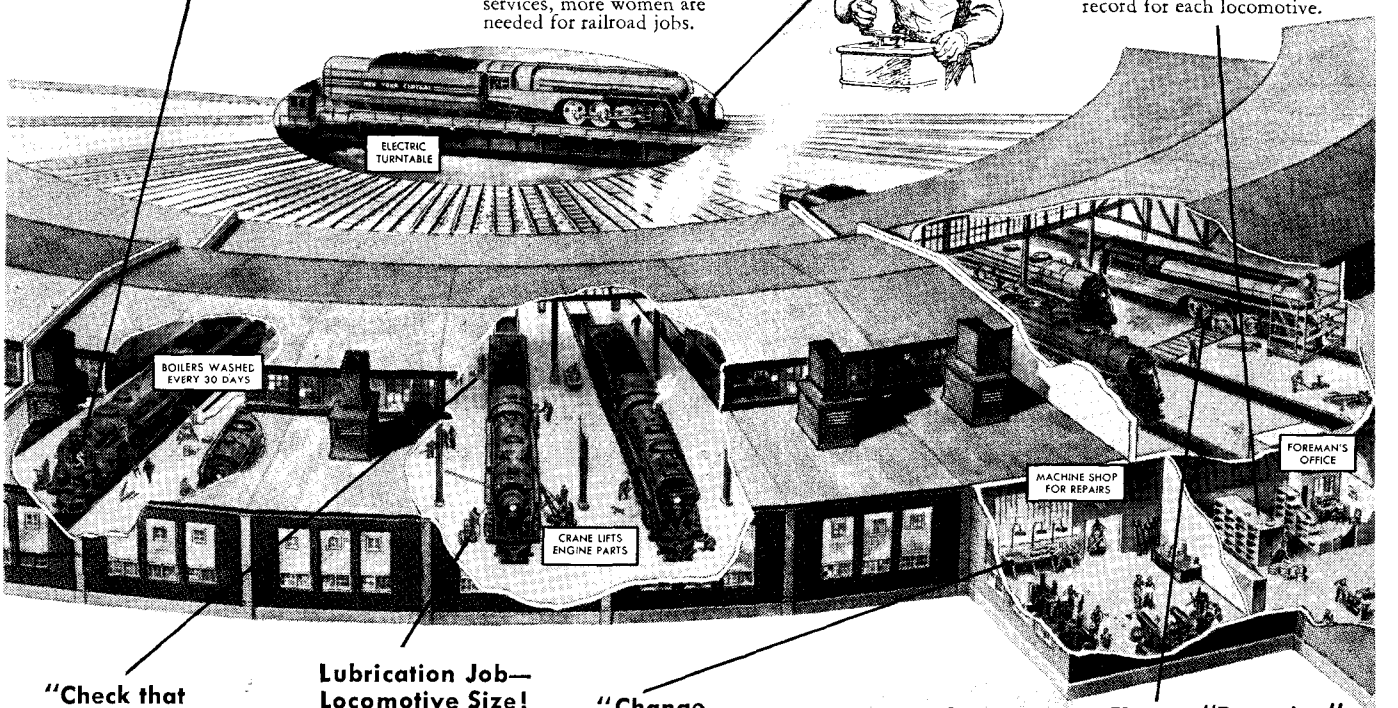
Inspector opens locomotive front, and steps inside to examine smokebox. Rigid check-up keeps New York Central engines working efficiently despite heavy war loads.

### A Good Turn in Wartime

Girls operate many roundhouse turntables. With more than 26,000 New York Central employees in armed services, more women are needed for railroad jobs.

### Parts Department

Roundhouse "Storekeeper" normally has thousands of engine parts on hand. They range from huge driving wheels to tiny springs for the Valve-Speed Indicator... a modern device that keeps a safety and efficiency record for each locomotive.




### "Check that Wiring!"

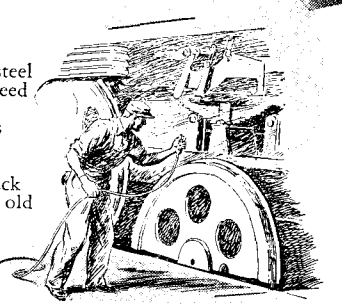
On a modern New York Central steam locomotive, Electricians have many things to check... from the headlight to the electric Train Stop, the wonderful guardian that would halt train *automatically* if danger signal were passed.

### Lubrication Job—Locomotive Size!

Roundhouse Grease Cup Fillers use lubricating guns so large they are moved about on wheels. Grease and oil are forced out by high pressure air from nearby power house.

### "Change those Tires!"

Locomotives have steel tires. When tires need changing, electric Drop Table lowers 32 tons of driving wheels and whisks them to service track ... 50% faster than old methods of wheel removal.



### Electric "Detective"

Before invisible cracks in steel can grow and cause a breakdown, Machinists locate them with an electric detector called the Magna-flux. "An ounce of prevention is worth tons of cure" on New York Central.

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NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

# NEW YORK CENTRAL

THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE

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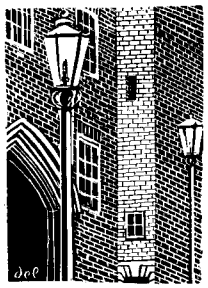
# LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 17 (BY CABLE)

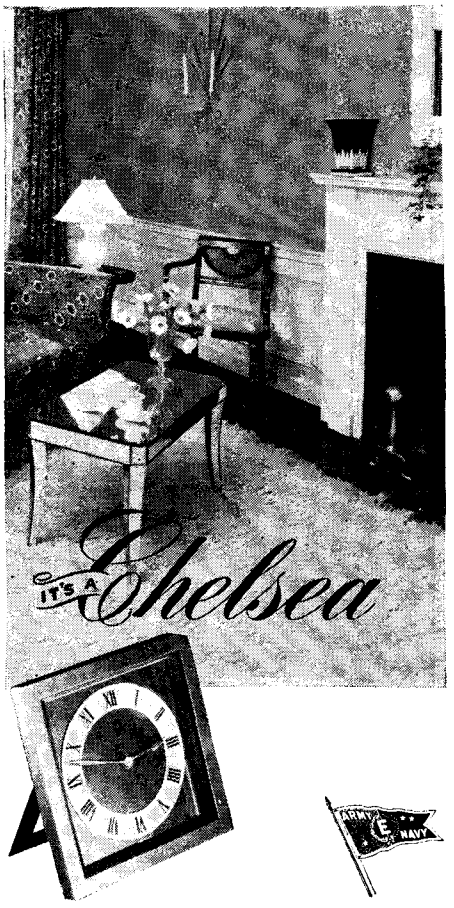
AFTER the inevitable mental hangover that followed victory in Europe, most people here are feeling somewhat more cheerful. The brighter era for mankind that May 8th was supposed to bring seems closer now than almost anyone dared hope only a few weeks ago. The Polish problem and the Levantine troubles appear to be clearing up. Things are even looking up in San Francisco. The new white paper on India, which proposes what is almost self-rule for the country, may indicate that the old, tormenting Indian situation is at last on its way toward a solution. Even the weather, which had been alternating between cold and rain, changed just in time for General Eisenhower's visit to London on Tuesday. The General was formally given the traditional freedom of the city. Informally, from the crowds that gathered in the streets to cheer him, he was given an unmistakably spontaneous burst of affection, something not handed out lightly or often by Britons to a visitor or, for that matter, to one of their own great men. It would have been a fine day for Anglo-American friendship even if it had poured.



AT the moment, of course, England, no less than India, is waiting to know who will govern her. Excitement over the election is not yet at its height, but it is mounting. The game of winning enemies and influencing voters is going on every day in the party newspapers, in the corner pub, and on the radio. The B.B.C. presents a Conservative, Liberal, or Labour speaker every night after the nine-o'clock news. Mr. Churchill's opening election broadcast was an enormous disappointment, but it did give his listeners the mild satisfaction of knowing that even he can occasionally be maladroit and fallibly human. Millions of families, settling down to learn what the Conservative Government proposes to do for their children and their returning menfolk, instead heard the Prime Minister swinging wildly at Socialist coconuts, which, to some, seemed to be painted with mighty old-fashioned faces. Many of his startled listeners found it hard not to confuse his picture of a future England under Attlee with the picture of Dachau under the Gestapo. By contrast, Mr. Attlee, who was on the radio the next night, sounded quiet, reasonable, and constructive. Much that is neither quiet nor reasonable, however, is being said by all three parties. After the five-year truce, during which criticism of Mr. Churchill was regarded as *lèse-majesté*, the first blast of recriminations has come as a shock.

The noisiest and most acrimonious exchanges to date have been between Ernest Bevin and Lord Beaverbrook, who has recently emerged into full public view as the Prime Minister's guide, philosopher, and friend. However staunchly he may fulfill the last two functions, it is doubtful, a lot of people believe, that his guidance is going to do the Party much good. It may, indeed, be a definite embarrassment. "If anything can lose the Prime Minister the election," a rival newspaper owner recently said to some friends, "it will be Beaverbrook." To those responsible Tories who have never loved their ebullient colleague or his success, his present activities must frequently be exasperating. His *Daily Express* is pouring out a flood of promises to Conservative voters, assuring them that the income-tax rate will be substantially reduced and that labor and price controls will be removed, all, apparently, while the country is putting up a stiff fight against Japan. The paper also finds it possible to protest its undying friendship for Russia and at the same time damn the wicked forces of the Left. Such gymnastics may provide occasional entertainment for the mass of people who are grimly concerned with bread, jobs, and houses, but they are more likely to alarm thoughtful Conservatives. A number of Beaverbrook's young men from Fleet Street, breaking away from the master, have appeared as candidates for Labour. Michael Foot, an ex-editor of the *Evening Standard*, for instance, is standing for Labour down at Devonport against Leslie Hore-Belisha.

The second dominant Tory personality of the Churchill group to emerge from backstage is Brendan Bracken, the enigmatical politician who made a good Minister of Information and who, according to rumor, Lord Beaverbrook thinks would someday make a good Prime Minister. Mr. Bracken is expected to have one of the hardest and most spectacular fights of the election in contesting the London division of North Paddington against Sir F. N.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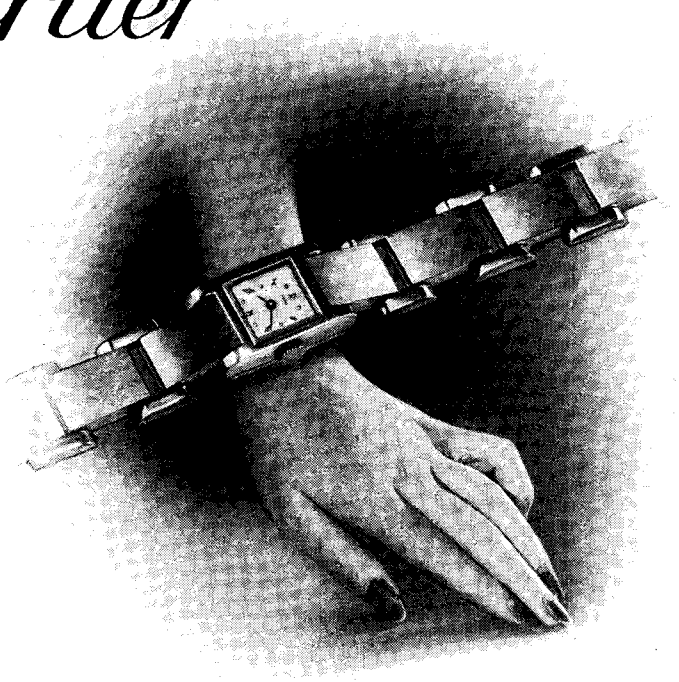

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Mason MacFarlane, the Socialist candidate.

At the moment, it is generally thought that the Conservative Party will get in by a small majority, largely because of Mr. Churchill's popularity. Most people will be heartily relieved when election day, July 5th, is over. It will, however, be two or three weeks after that before the returns are all in and England learns whether, as some think certain, she will move left and into step with most of Europe or, as all Tories are sure, continue to stay right where she is, veiled by the smoke from a large, spectral cigar.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

657. **Eidelberg, L. A further contribution to the study of slips of the tongue.** *Int. J. Psycho-Anal.,* 1944, 25, 8-13.—Slips of the tongue constitute a defense against infantile wishes of the id. These are of a twofold character: instinctual fusion seeking gratification turned against the self, and the mobilization of the opposite type of instinctual fusion. The defense is initiated by infantile experiences leading to an anticipation of defeat of the satisfaction of infantile wishes. The mobilization of an opposite type of fusion substitutes sexual for aggressive wishes or vice versa. By turning instinctual fusion against the self, an active instinctual aim becomes passive and vice versa. Thus two types of narcissistic mortification may occur, one from the symptom itself, the other from the defeat of the ego alone rather than of the total personality. In projection, narcissistic mortification from the id is denied but accepted from the infantile superego, the reverse of what occurs in introjection.—M. H. Erickson (Eloise Hospital).—*Current Psychological Abstracts.*

Say id ain't so.

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A RELIGIOUS mechanic said, "Man is fearfully and wonderfully created." So he is. He is a wonderfully created mechanical machine; an automobile machine. Oxygen and carbon the fuel, electricity gives the spark, taking in oxygen giving off carbonic acid gas. The heart a dynamo. Napoleon said, "the spine was a voltaic pile, one vertebra positive, the other negative." The nerves, electric carriers, the brain in the cab (skull) the driver, the eyes, the head light.

Man is related to the mineral and vegetable kingdom and partakes of the nature of all animals in a more or less degree. Like God, (if we are correctly informed), he destroys his handiwork; God, by storm, frost, earth tremors, and man by war, destroying everything beautiful in nature and art.

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# BOOKS

## *The Death of a Poet and the Dawn of an Idea*

HERMANN BROCH'S "The Death of Virgil" (Pantheon) is one of those novels, like James Joyce's "Ulysses" and "Finnegans Wake," that stand a better chance of getting talked about than of getting read. Mr. Broch, whose trilogy, "The Sleepwalkers," caused a certain amount of stir when it was published a few years ago, has written a long prose poem (this isn't an exact description, but I don't know what else to call it) based on a single incident—the death of the author of the "Aeneid,"—that sets out to explore all the currents and conflicts of the Augustan Age by exploring the ramifications of Virgil's thought, which are hardly less complicated, as he lies on his deathbed. This sort of literary ambition is more European than American, possibly because of our truncated sense of history and what would appear to be a native suspicion of anything that suggests the turgidly heroic, and I suspect that Mr. Broch, at best, is going to have a rather limited audience. This is unfortunate, because, while this tidal remembrance of things in the ancient past is frequently just a bit too much to contend with, it is perhaps the best novel by a European since Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain." There are enough similarities between Mr. Broch and Joyce to bracket them together (the fact, for example, that Mr. Broch's book is really a long interior monologue broken by passages of conversation), but it seems to me that he has a much closer resemblance to Mr. Mann than he has to the creator of Stephen Dedalus. There are no marked signs that Mr. Broch has been particularly influenced by his fellow-countryman, but they both have the same Goethian solemnity, the same fondness for elaborate design, and the same brooding absorption with the primal concerns of humanity that lie at the bottom of Mr. Mann's series about Joseph and his brothers. It is this absorption that fills Mr. Broch's book and makes it the impressive achievement it undoubtedly is—an achievement, however, that is more of a philosophical and poetical accomplishment than a fictional one. The author has gone to considerable trouble to provide a historical background that seems as authentic as such a background can be (all the Imperial Roman cycloramas, though, from "Quo Vadis?" on, have the same look), but there its resemblance to most books with a historical background ends; he isn't doing anything so simple as merely writing a fictionalized life of his hero. We get no portrait of Virgil growing up on his father's farm near Mantua, going to school in Cremona, Milan, and Rome, attending the lectures of Siro the Epicurean in Naples (I looked all this up), rejecting the philosophy of pleasure, and writing the "Eclogues." Nor do we see him, as a successful young author, getting to know Maecenas, who became his patron and introduced him to Augustus, at whose suggestion he began the "Aeneid," which he worked on until his death, after which it was published, against his final wishes, in its unfinished form. Mr. Broch begins his book with Virgil lying mortally ill on one of the ships of Augustus's imperial squadron, on its way from Greece to Brundisium. He doesn't tell us how Virgil happened to be along (the poet had been travelling in Greece, I found out on my own, and apparently just happened to meet Augustus in Athens), and neither does he tell us any of the other prosaic, chronological things that we expect to find in a book of fiction. He isn't interested enough in such details to make them part of his chronicle, and, once we get around to accepting his method and purpose, we forget to be interested in them, too.

As I have said, however, Mr. Broch's philosophical flood tide is not likely to sustain many readers' attention for long stretches at a time. Even Plato doesn't always do that, and Mr. Broch, interesting and provocative though he can be, isn't Plato. He is more in a class, particularly as a writer, with Thomas Wolfe—a little more disciplined, a little more careful, a little more conscious of the compulsions of form, but essentially the same kind of writer. Take this typical passage:

> Whither was the youth leading them? from what remoteness, from what depth of memory had he emerged? from what past, from which future, by what mysterious necessity was he impelled? and from which past to which future secret was he himself being borne? was there only a permanent balancing in an immeasurable present? All about him were the gulp-muzzles, the shout-muzzles, the sing-muzzles, the gape-muzzles, the opened muzzles in the closed faces, all of them

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were opened, torn apart, beset with teeth behind red, brown, or pallid lips, armed with tongues; and looking down on the mossy-woolly round heads of the slave-porters . . . he had knowledge of the blood that pulsed in them, of the spittle they had to swallow, he knew of the thoughts in these preposterous, clumsy, intractable foddered-and-muscled machines, knowing the thoughts that were almost lost, yet eternally unlosable, which, frail and apathetic, transparent and dark, trickling drop by drop, were falling and evaporating, the drops of the soul.

Mr. Broch goes on like this for four hundred and eighty-two pages, and anyone who listens with his head turned in the other direction can certainly be excused for thinking that he is listening to one of the dithyrambic outpourings of Eugene Gant, who, of course, occasionally sounded as if he'd read James Joyce himself. There is, in this book of Mr. Broch's, as in all of Wolfe's books except "Look Homeward, Angel," far too much of everything. It is this too-muchness, however, that gives it its special quality and distinction, just as it was the too-muchness of Wolfe that helped to make his novels the powerful, compelling books they are. For the past twenty years or so, many novelists have made a point, almost a fetish, of stripping their books to the barest essentials, or even less. There is much to be said for this practice of leaving things out, but there is just as much to be said, as Wolfe and Mr. Broch have shown, for the contrary practice of putting things in. Personally, I rather like it.

ONE of the things that Mr. Broch puts into "The Death of Virgil" (people who know German tell me that Jean Starr Untermeyer has done an excellent translating job, by the way) is a long dialogue between the poet and Augustus about the nature and function of the state. There comes a point in the conversation when Augustus, annoyed by some of the ideas Virgil has been expressing, tells him that they are dangerous and derogatory to the state and threaten its order. Virgil denies this, and says that there is a higher kind of order, "the order of human law."

"Laws?" Augustus replies. "As if we were not more than blessed with them! . . . The people wish for order but certainly not for insidious laws by which they and their state are endangered."

"The kingdom increasing in piety does not destroy the state, but surpasses it," Virgil answers. "The people, indeed they are entitled to order in the state, but man is entitled to truth; . . . when he shall achieve perception, then the new kingdom will be created, the kingdom within the law of perception, the kingdom graced by its power to ensure creation."

All this may seem to have little to do with another book that has just been published, "The Anatomy of Peace," by Emery Reves (Harper), a brisk and combative demonstration that world peace depends on world law and that world law depends on a world organization in which national sovereignty must be at least partially submerged, but it is a reminder that some of our contemporary arguments, including the one about universal law and nationalism, are in the neighborhood of two thousand years old. For although the modern conception of nationalism, as Hans Kohn has pointed out in "Idea of Nationalism" (the best book on the subject I know, incidentally), is no older than the second half of the eighteenth century and had its first great manifestation in the French Revolution, its roots go back to the tribes of Israel. Mr. Reves doesn't trace these roots, since there is no need for it, but he does point out, quite correctly, that the current concepts of nationalism and sovereignty, which compel each nation to regard itself as the center of the world, are about as useful as the geocentric theory of the universe laid down by Ptolemy in the second century A.D. These concepts, Mr. Reves insists, have to be discarded if there is ever going to be world peace, since world peace, like the internal peace of each nation, has to rest on law and since worldwide law can come about only through a worldwide federation of states. Mr. Reves doesn't merely say all this; he demonstrates it so clearheadedly that he would scarcely seem to leave room for any argument except that which will come from those nationalistic Ptolemaists who will insist, despite all the evidence that has been piled up during these years of war, that the political earth *doesn't* move. It does move, though, and it is going to keep on moving, and it would appear to be a good idea for men and women, as well as the countries they inhabit, to move along with it. It can be flatly said, in this murky era of drift and disorder, that there are only two directions—the road we have been travelling, with its potholes of depression and death curves of war, or the one that Virgil thought men should aspire to, leading toward piety,

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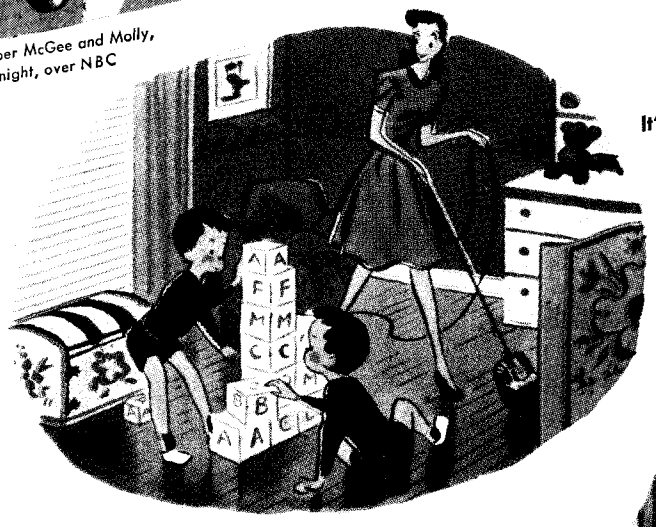

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perception, and the order of human law. We've paid our money and now we have to take our choice.

—Hamilton Basso

## BRIEFLY NOTED

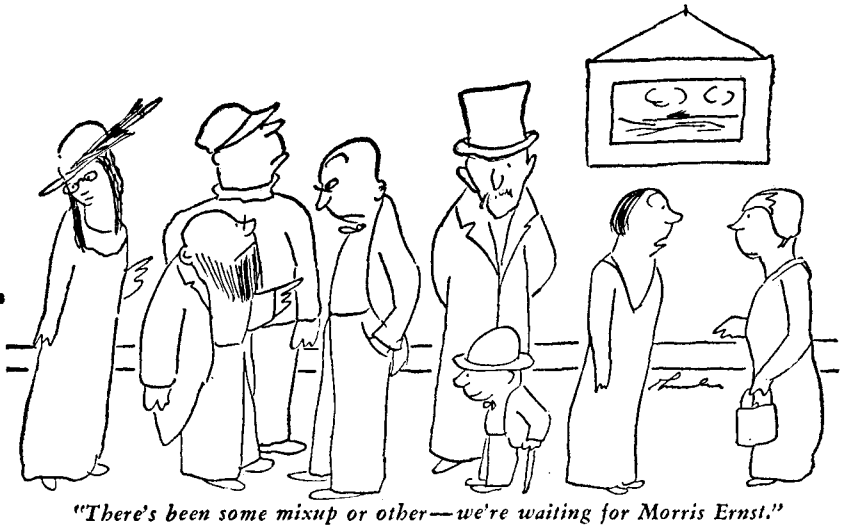
### FICTION

The Violent Land, by Jorge Amado, translated by Samuel Putnam (Knopf). The story of a bloody feud between two landowning Brazilian families for the possession of a tract of virgin forest to which neither has any right. The background is the wild, lush countryside of eastern Brazil during a boom in the rich cocoa-growing district, when everybody was grabbing land amid a turmoil that makes the "Violent" of the title seem an understatement. Interesting of its kind, but you may find it difficult to decide just what kind it is.

Fool's Errand, by Frederic F. Van de Water (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). All kinds of troubles—romantic, financial, and alcoholic, to be exact—lie in the way of a young New York artist and his wife who go to live on a Vermont farm. Town readers, who are made uneasy by hymns to the sturdy joys of country life, will be pleased to learn that the hero encounters much more distressing problems in Vermont than any he knew in Greenwich Village and that, despite what bucolic writers have led us to believe, the great open spaces do nothing about developing the more rugged virtues. A lively story, easy to read and perhaps quite as easy to forget.

Claire, by Erin Samson (Harper). The story of a young French-American girl, at the end of the last century, who abandons a brief but successful career as a dancer to marry an ailing and impoverished French aristocrat. In an old-fashioned, rather gushing style the author tells of the young woman's happy marriage, her cantankerous French relatives, and her charm, under the spell of which everybody except the reader sooner or later falls. If Miss Samson had worked her considerable firsthand knowledge of prewar French family life into a simpler narrative, she might have turned out an interesting novel.

Mr. Allenby Loses the Way, by Frank Baker (Coward-McCann). A middle-aged London newsdealer who believes in fairies (he was found in infancy in a fairy ring in the

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—Alice Dixon Bond, *Boston Herald*

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Orkneys) is given five wishes by a sinister stranger. It turns out that the sinister stranger is the newsdealer's father. The whole story is so hopelessly muddled, and so much of the supernatural is brought in to no purpose, that it is hard to be sure who is human and who isn't, and the reader will probably give up in honest bewilderment long before the hero finally disappears into the same fairy ring in which he started life. All this isn't nearly as whimsical as it sounds, but it is so many worse things that, by comparison, whimsy seems an engaging quality.

## GENERAL

Up Front, by Sergeant Bill Mauldin (Holt). A collection of cartoons, nearly all of which are excellent, plus a text, nearly all of which is also excellent, by the twenty-three-year-old soldier who might perhaps be called the Ernie Pyle of artists. There is no reason a man so young as Sergeant Mauldin shouldn't have the sober, thoughtful insight that makes his book an uncommonly discerning record of the nature of war and of the men who fight wars, but it is rather surprising to find that he has it, just the same.

Memories and Opinions, by Q (Macmillan). Four chapters, and the fragment of a fifth, of an unfinished autobiography by the English scholar who wrote more than fifty books of fiction, poetry, essays, and criticism but is chiefly remembered as the editor of the "Oxford Book of English Verse." Q (or Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch) led a more than ordinarily sequestered life, even for an English don, and these autobiographical musings are as quiet as his life—a little *too* quiet, perhaps, to interest many people this noisy side of the Atlantic.

I Ask You, Ladies and Gentlemen, by Leon Z. Surmelian (Dutton). The childhood and early sorrow of a young Armenian writer who was uprooted from his native country during the Turkish massacres and wandered through Armenia, Turkey, and Russia before he made his way, adventure by adventure, to the United States. Armenian writing, like Armenian cooking, has a flavor some people don't like, but Mr. Surmelian, who has something to say and a pleasant way of saying it, goes easy with his seasoning. William Saroyan, in his introduction, is at it again.

The Profane Virtues, by Peter

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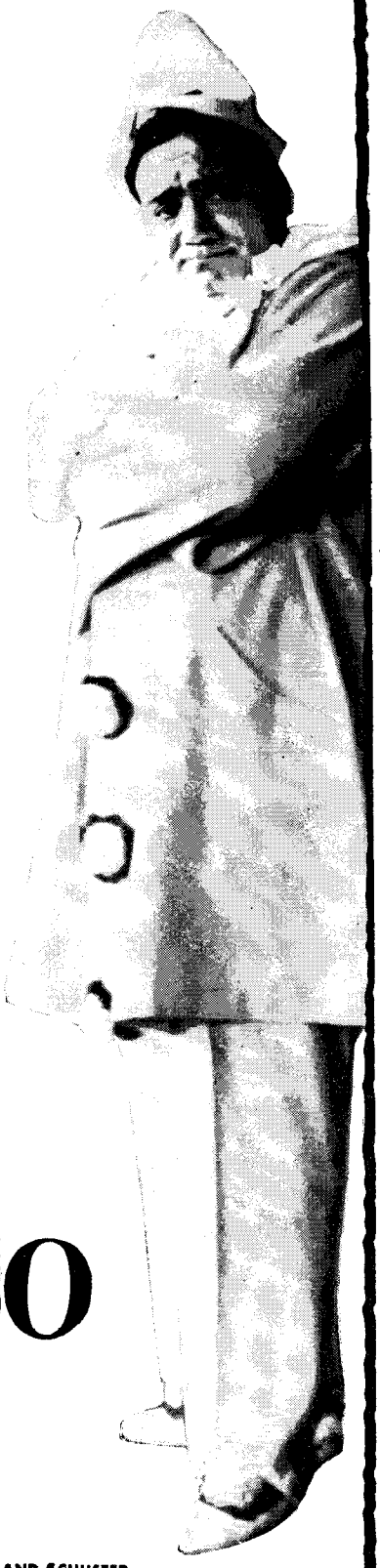
# "What expplosion!! Hat, hendcaciff, sciarf of men and of women came like banners."



SO ENRICO CARUSO, writing to his young wife, described an ovation that greeted his singing. Now, twenty-three years after Caruso's death in Naples, his wife, Dorothy, has written the story of his splendid, tragic life and their idyllic marriage. Her book, too, has been greeted with an "expplosion." For instance:

**"You recognize its authenticity** immediately. You know that Enrico Caruso, working, singing, loving, suffering, and dying must have been just so."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

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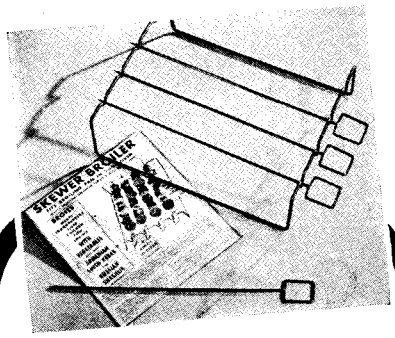


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Quennell (Viking). A study of eighteenth-century England (which is supposed to have been ruled by what Gibbon called "the profane virtues of sincerity and moderation") done in the form of biographies of four of its most representative men—Boswell, Gibbon, Sterne, and John Wilkes. These names, as Mr. Quennell says, are linked with some of the most important aspects of the extremely fertile genius of the eighteenth century, and in writing about the men who bore them, he has been able to reproduce (within reasonable limits) the age in which they lived. The author travels some well-travelled ground, but the way he does it, and his ability to write, make this one of the worth-while books of the year. Illustrated.

ALL OUR LIVES: ALICE DUER MILLER, by Henry Wise Miller (Coward-McCann). The likelihood that an intimate memoir of Alice Duer Miller would be of interest to many people seems, on the surface, extremely slim. However, Mr. Miller, in this book about his wife, is like a man turning over the pages of a family album, and he is so pleased with what he sees, and has so many pleasant memories, that he manages to communicate much of his pleasure to the reader. Illustrated.

## VERSE

TAHL, by Jeremy Ingalls (Knopf). This long (619 pages) poem is exactly the type of poetic work that every serious and bookish young poet in his early twenties swears to write. Experience and necessity usually reduce such a plan to feasible proportions. Miss Ingalls, however, has been able to keep her original dream intact and preserve her enthusiasm undampened over a period of some thirteen years. A pure Romantic phantasmagoria, studded with learning as well as with many passages of considerable power and beauty, unrolls before the reader. Miss Ingalls' hero, a "revolutionary" musician with several Heathcliffian traits, loves, talks, fights (chiefly in the Spanish Civil War), and composes through a highly pitched existence, surrounded by a chorus and audience of admiring friends. We are even given, in great detail, a description of his "extraordinary" music. A fantasy of this kind, almost totally unembarrassed by conscious checks and balances, has its value and interest. Miss Ingalls' style unfortunately becomes more and more incoherent and elliptical as the work progresses, so the reader finally almost stifles in the very act of reading.

SOLDIERS AND STRANGERS, by Edward Fenton (Macmillan). War and civilian life in time of war, seen through the eyes of a poet not entirely disabused yet seldom sentimental. The tougher poems, some of which have been published in this magazine, are better than the tender ones.

THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS, by Oscar Williams (Creative Age). Mr. Williams' style and spirit have calmed down considerably since the appearance, five years ago, of his torrential "The Man Coming Toward You." In his new volume, he evokes some sharp pictures of a nightmare world wherein reality and his own peculiar wild vision often fuse with surprising results.

THE POETRY OF FREEDOM, edited by William Rose Benét and Norman Cousins (Random House). The editors have generously included verse from countries either enemy or at the moment under a cloud, and have not neglected religious and spiritual freedom in favor of freedom purely political in character. Since the nobility of the subject of a poem does not guarantee a poem's excellence, some of the verse is dull, but the anthology as a whole is extremely interesting because of its contrasts, as well as its similarities, of subject and treatment.

## MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE CURSE OF THE BRONZE LAMP, by Carter Dickson (Morrow). Lady Helen Loring, one of Britain's handsomest female archeologists, walks into her house with a bronze lamp she dug up in Egypt and vanishes according to the specifications laid down by whoever put the curse on the thing. This baffling event is finally figured out by Sir Henry Merrivale, who is not, in this instance, preoccupied with sealed rooms and who is at his best and his funniest in this mystery.

•

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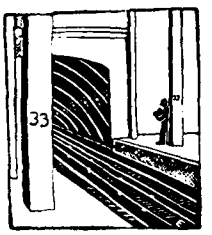
three, they all reported "Conflagration" and only moderate flak and practically no fighter opposition.

Monty and two or three other Operations officers who either couldn't sleep or had had themselves waked up had come in by now, and they studied the results with satisfaction. "It looks pretty good," LeMay said to them. "But we can't really tell a damn thing about results until we get the pictures tomorrow night. Anyway, there doesn't seem to have been much flak. We don't seem to have lost more than a few airplanes." He shifted his cigar and smiled. Actually, only two were lost, and on the next two low-level strikes none were lost.




THE following night, around twelve, we had the pictures. They had been taken during the day by B-29 photo-reconnaissance airplanes. They had been rushed through our photo laboratory and five or six staff officers had been alerted when the photo-interpretation officer started in his jeep to LeMay's quarters to wake up LeMay and Norstad and show them the pictures. I was one of the officers alerted, because all the correspondents on Guam were waiting up to get out the news of the results of the raid as soon as our Intelligence people were able to assess the damage after studying the pictures. We had learned, from returning airplane commanders and from General Power, the wing commander on Guam, who himself had flown on the bombing mission and had stayed over the target for an hour studying the results with a map of Tokio in his lap, that the raid had been successful, but it is only by expert examination of post-strike photographs that you can really get the dope on any bombing raid.

The staff officers' five or six jeeps swept up to LeMay's tent like so many cowboys' horses, the officers driving them leaped to the ground, and we all got to the General's bedroom just as the photo-interpretation officer walked in with the pictures under his arm. LeMay and Norstad had been waked up by telephone when the photo-interpretation officer started over. They were in pajamas, rubbing their eyes, and LeMay was lighting a cigar in a dogged manner that seemed to indicate that anybody, or anything, that interfered with his lighting this particular cigar at this particular time would be noiselessly and totally obliterated. The photo-interpretation officer spread the pictures out on a big, well-lighted table and LeMay and Norstad walked up to it and bent over them.

There was about one full minute of silence. "All this is out," LeMay then said, running a hand over several square miles of Tokio which on the enlarged photograph were grayish, almost white, in contrast to one other large industrial area, through which runs the Ginza, and the outlying sections of the city, which showed up black. "This is out—this—this—this." He stood up straight for a few seconds and looked around at the rest of us. I don't know what he meant to convey to us as his cigar ranged back and forth once, slowly, like a turret gun. His face was expressionless. We crowded in for a better look. "It's all ashes—all that and that and that," said Norstad, bending over the pictures.

It could be determined at that time (some sections of the city were still obscured by smoke when the photographs were taken) that fifteen square miles—all one big whitish-gray swath of the center of the city, without a break anywhere—were burned out, with hardly a building intact. Some of the few buildings still erect in the midst of wide acres of rubble and ashes were big factories surrounded by firebreaks and doubtless equipped with fire-fighting apparatus of their own. Through a microscope you could see that these buildings were gutted and that the roofs had fallen in. You could also see that LeMay's plan had worked so well that, in one hour's time, at least ten square miles of one of the two great industrial and commercial districts of the city were actually in flames all at once, all in one great fire. Later on, other pictures showed that the conflagration had spread and burned out a total of 16.8 square miles, which is something over two-thirds the area of Manhattan Island. In the great fire following Tokio's earthquake of 1923, twenty-five square miles of the city were destroyed by a slow fire that lasted for days. This fire LeMay's B-29s had started had covered two-thirds the area in a few hours.

Since getting back home, a few weeks ago, on leave, I have seen the newspaper files and I know that the hundreds of thousands of words I and my public-relations and censorship staff on Guam read and cleared during the ten-day period covered by our first five great low-level incendiary raids on Tokio, Nagoya, Osaka, and Kobe—Nagoya was hit twice—appeared in newspapers all over the country and were featured above

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Victoria Cordova
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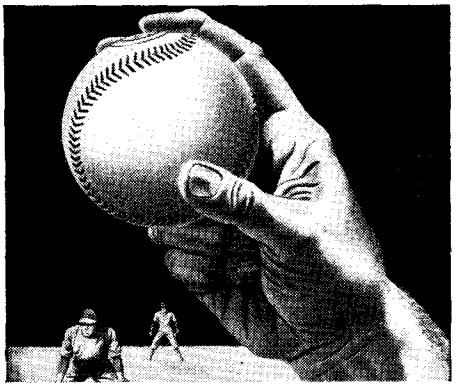

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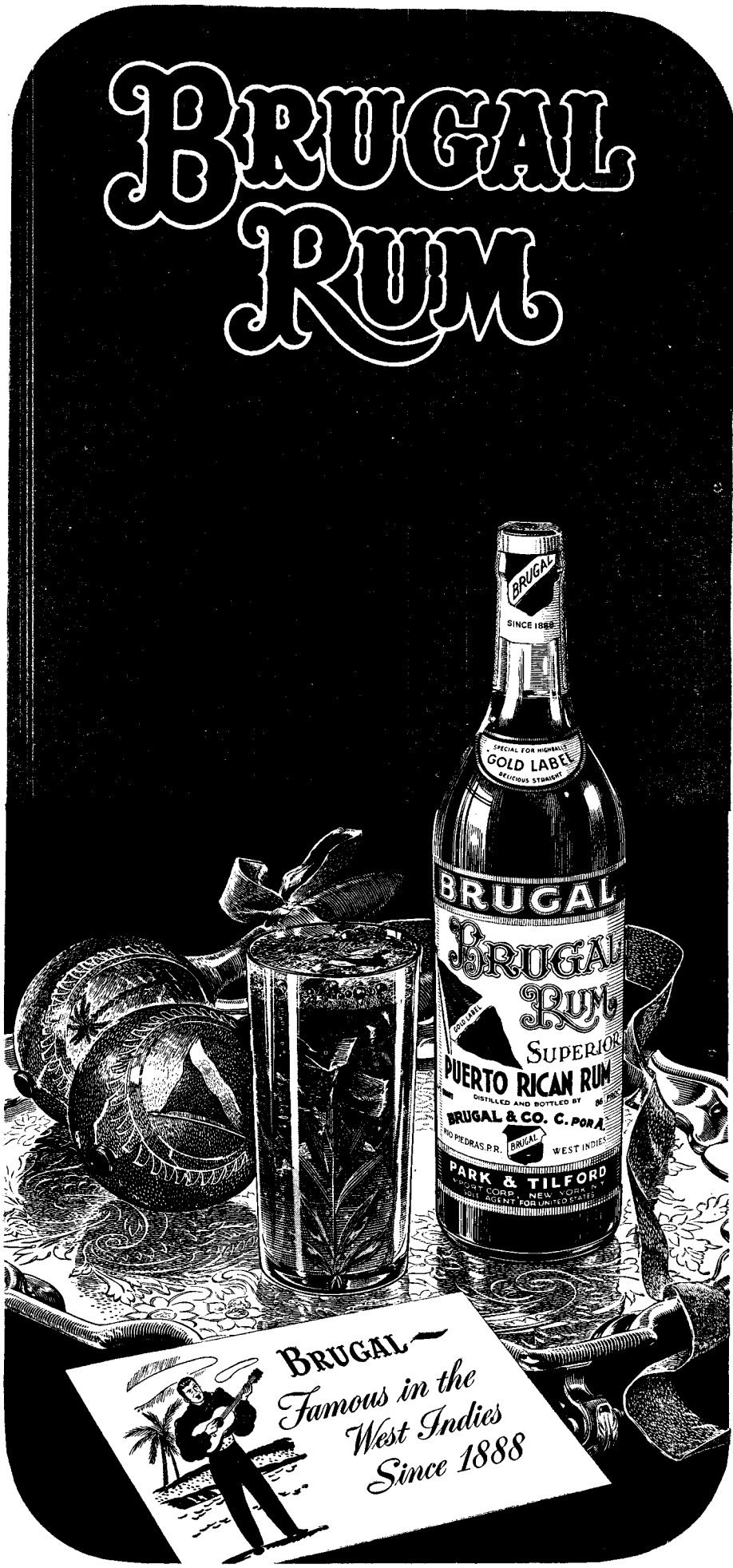

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everything else. Yet I don't think people here at home even now understand exactly how great, how devastating these incendiary raids were. I know it took me some days—and I was right there on Guam—to absorb the facts so that I really understood them. I know the war correspondents had the same experience, said so, and wrote so.

Since then, besides tactical bombing of airfields on southern Japan in connection with the invasion of Okinawa, the B-29s in the Marianas have by successive incendiary raids brought the total of destruction in Tokio up to fifty-one square miles. The second large industrial area of Tokio, the one through which the Ginza runs, is now grayish on the post-strike pictures, just as the other big industrial district was after that initial strike. The industrial and commercial centers of Kobe, Osaka, and Nagoya are also burned out, in varying degrees. The B-29s have struck Yokohama, too, with both high explosives and incendiaries. Our losses on all these strikes have been phenomenally light. Having caught the enemy flat-footed with his first low-level strikes, LeMay seems to have been able to keep him from organizing any kind of effective defenses against the B-29s.

The strikes are still going on. I see by the New York papers that LeMay is throwing his B-29s at the Japs in different ways, with different tactics, every day or so. Sometimes they all go to the same target, sometimes two or three task forces go to different targets on the same day or the same night. Flying low and only at night, specially trained B-29 squadrons have mined the harbors of Japan's main islands, strengthening the naval blockade and preventing the Japs from moving their war industries to Manchuria before they are entirely wiped out on Honshu. Flying these days with the three wings he had when he started the low-level incendiary raids, are LeMay's old squadrons and groups from the Twentieth Bomber Command, which have flown the twenty-five hundred miles from China and formed a fourth operational wing, based on Tinian. LeMay and his people on the islands of Guam and Tinian and Saipan are shortening the war.

—St. Clair McKelway

(*This is the third of a series of articles on the Twenty-first Bomber Command.*)

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Philadelphia (AP)—The middle ear is connected with the throat by the Eustachian tube.—*Oklahoma City Times.*

Wait till the U.P. hears about *that!*

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